THE LIVING AGE

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This Week

Mr. Steed's discussion of the rise of Labor in England is thoroughly sensible. He points out that this new force has come to stay and he draws some interesting comparisons, based on the gospel according to Sidney Webb, between the philosophies of Liberalism and Radicalism.

* * *

The war has left its marks on Verdun in many ways. The outlying districts are still devastated and the town itself is being rebuilt in an atmosphere of false prosperity and profiteering.

* * *

There is no hypocritical imperialism about the Fascisti. When they want Italy to be an Empire they say so in so many words — and even throw in a few extra remarks in case you don't follow them. Their theory is that terrific national struggles are supplanting in part the good old class-war.

* * *

Oil has lately been proving its value as a political and oratorical lubricant in our country, but international affairs are still using up their share of the supply. The situation of Holland is typical. Owning some rich fields in the East Indies, she found herself surrounded by the Japanese, Americans, and English. Japan has been eliminated by the earthquake, and England finds herself mistress of the situation; so the Dutch taxpayers may not have to build a larger navy after all.

* * *

Searching for beauty, Fritz Kreisler went to Japan and found what he was looking for in the daily life of the people. Crowded houses applauded him in Tokyo and he was treated with as much unction as the Prince of Wales himself.

* * *

Fate did not smile on Madame Kieler, the woman from whom Ibsen drew Nora in *A Doll's House*. For one thing, she did n't even have the satisfaction of leaving home, and besides, she had to go through life known as the heroine of a play that most people considered shocking.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE MACDONALD CABINET'S RECEPTION

In England, as in the United States, an unwritten law gives a new Government a political honeymoon — that is, respite from criticism until it has had time to get installed. Though the change in England from a Tory to a Labor Government was as deep-going as any that could well be imagined within the 'Constitution,' this practice was observed as regards the MacDonald Cabinet. Almost without exception the comment was much more favorable than anyone unfamiliar with political procedure could have expected. The 'tone' set for the Conservative as well as the Liberal press was reassuring.

'The composition of the first Socialist Ministry,' wrote the unemotional *Statist*, 'with its balancing of "intellectuals" with Trades-Unionists, of thinkers with men of action, forms indeed an admirable coalition — coalition it certainly is as between the heterogenous elements of the Labor Party — for the conduct of the nation's affairs by a party in office not through the suffrage of the country but through its sufferance.'

'In his selection of Ministers,' said the no less matter-of-fact *Economist*, 'Mr. MacDonald, while making only one surprise appointment, Miss Bondfield, has shown considerable sagacity. He has, in fact, scored an initial success with the announcement of his Cabinet. The judicious mixture of the intelligentsia with the Trades-Union element — even the Clyde section is represented — has satisfied his party, while the infusion, into a mainly untried Cabinet, of men of varied experience and high standing, — such as Lord Chelmsford, Lord Haldane, Lord Parmoor, and Sir Sidney Olivier, — has gone some way toward restoring the confidence of the more timorous sections of the public.'

The greater part of the comment in the daily papers ran in a similar vein. The jingo *National Review*, which is a monthly, was less discreet. 'We incline to believe that Socialists made a capital error in loading their Government with so many "Capitalists," whose appropriation of the big prizes must make a bad impression on the proletariat, who feel "dished as usual" by the bourgeoisie,' wrote L. J. Maxse, the editor, in his acid manner.

There is no lack of thunderclouds on the horizon, however. One of the first to shoot lightning is likely to be a dispute over military expenditures. 'A report is current,' wrote the *Daily Telegraph* for February 1, 'that the new

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Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden, has already called upon the Admiralty to effect a reduction of five million pounds,' which causes that paper to fulminate for a column about the inviolability of the naval appropriations as already mapped out. 'We cannot afford to risk the sanctity of these shores or the safety of the trade routes,' it concluded. 'It happens, moreover, that the admitted weakness of the navy in certain important respects, notably in light cruisers and adequately equipped fuel-bases, has been revealed at a time when we are under compulsion to provide work for the workless. . . . If ever there was a time when the maintenance of the British fleet could be justified on strictly economic grounds, it is surely now.'

The housing-problem may seem to the MacDonald Government more urgent than naval bases and better designed to provide beneficent employment. 'The truth is,' writes the *New Statesman*, 'that never in the memory of living men has the British navy been of less importance than it is to-day. We cannot and must not in 1924 listen to the demands of the Board of Admiralty in the spirit in which we listened to them in 1914 or 1904. It is a hard saying that the British navy can no longer protect Great Britain, but it is the plain truth all the same.' The money should be spent on the air force, the radically inclined weekly thinks. 'The increase of our authority would be instantly apparent,' it concludes.

Hardly less important than the impression created in London by the new British Government is its reception in Paris. On the whole, the French governmental press has taken a 'wait and see' attitude, while the Opposition has been frankly hopeful. To the new Radical daily, *Le Quotidien*, Mr. MacDonald granted shortly before his accession to power a cautious and noncommittal interview that has been widely quoted as a definition of his attitude toward European problems.

'It should not be concealed that the foreign policy of the MacDonald Cabinet will naturally tend to oppose that of France,' wrote *Le Temps*, 'unless the French policy takes appropriate initiatives.' The principal French criticisms have been directed at Lord Haldane, whose alleged pro-Germanism, as might be expected, has been emphasized. Pertinax, in the Clerical *Écho de Paris*, was particularly disagreeable toward him and Lord Parmoor, who will succeed Lord Robert Cecil in the League of Nations. 'It is permissible to believe that in the critical days of July 1914 he (Lord Haldane) increased the hesitations of Lord Grey,' wrote this former London correspondent of his paper. As for Lord Parmoor, he said bluntly: 'All his associations are pro-German. He is moreover the brother-in-law of Sidney Webb. No honors bestowed on him will therefore surprise us. Of him, still more than of Lord Robert Cecil, may it be said that he stands with his left foot in the Middle Ages and with his right in ideology' — a word this writer flung incessantly at President Wilson during the Peace Conference and afterward.

The Russian Soviet view of the British Labor Cabinet was communicated to Mr. Arthur Ransome of the *Manchester Guardian* by Georgi Chicherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs, in an interview between one and three o'clock in the morning. It was moderately enthusiastic, concluding with 'Our principal desire is the opportunity of peaceful development. The past lives of the men now in power in Great Britain incline me to believe that this desire is theirs also, and that the old English motto, "Live and let live," is

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one on which we can shake hands. I may say finally that I hope the Labor Ministry will not behave in such a way as to enable its Liberal successors to overshadow it in a beneficent work for humanity.'

THE FUTURE OF AIRSHIPS

THE loss of the French dirigible, Dixmude, has occasioned sharp political attacks against the Government. Especially did the Opposition newspapers blame the Ministry of Marine for not keeping informed about the weather. In the Radical *Ère Nouvelle* M. Georges Ponsot, who succeeds Marcel Sembat as a political wit, paid his respects to the Minister of Marine as follows: —

'M. Raiberti should have inspected the weather map before the departure of his dirigible. Even his National Bloc partisans knew some days ahead that a storm was coming. To learn that it was raining it was enough to hold out the hand. Does not M. Raiberti pay any more attention to his weather vane? He might have observed that it was twisting in all directions. In England the coming of a storm was announced. But no matter — the Dixmude departed for a three days' expedition. Even in calm weather the Germans never sent out their airships for more than twenty-four hours at a time.'

La France Militaire, a daily publication of the French army, judged the matter more objectively: 'We will not utilize this deplorable accident as an opportunity for deciding whether we could get along without dirigibles, and whether it would not be better to concentrate on the development of aeroplanes. Whatever progress the latter may make, it seems that the dirigible can, on long journeys, render services which the aeroplane cannot now perform. It can stay in the air longer; its carrying power is considerable; the personnel can rest more comfortably, and consequently are able to make trips of several days. But, on the other hand, the dirigible is more dependent than the aeroplane on prepared landing-places, and its size will always necessarily limit the number of available ports. Furthermore, from the military point of view, the dirigible is a vulnerable target, and at the end of the World War it had disappeared from the sky as far as land operations were concerned.

'However, it is well for the navy to continue to study its uses. By working in close contact with naval squadrons near the shore, an airship may serve useful purposes as an observation post.

'But it is essential for aerial navigation, whether dirigibles or aeroplanes are involved, to keep the closest watch on the weather reports if serious risks are to be avoided. Neglect to do this is likely to be severely punished. A proof of this was furnished during the Battle of Verdun. One afternoon in May or June, a storm of unusual violence broke the cables of fourteen of our captive balloons, which at once started to drift. Four of our observers were killed or wounded making difficult landings, and the others fell into the enemy lines, where they were made prisoners. The same day all the German balloons were kept under cover. If we had kept track of the weather forecasts, we would have avoided this loss.'

The Duke of Sutherland introduces an article in the *Empire Review*, upon the projected airship-route from Great Britain to India and Australia, with the following forecast of the passengers' experience during the first leg of the journey: —

It is hoped that, within the space of two years or so, the first of a series of new giant airships of five million cubic feet, a capacity more than double that of the largest German Zeppelin used in the late war, will be

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ready to take the skies on her maiden voyage to the East.

To be whisked up in a lift through the mooring-mast, and to enter into the main saloon of the great air-liner, will be a simple matter, and the prospect on a cold winter's day in England of reaching the sunshine and warmth of Lower Egypt in two and one-half days will be an alluring one. Stephenson's first steam-engine, or the first ocean-liner, could not be said to have brought about such a wonderful revolution in the speed and ease of travel as the first air-liner should undoubtedly bring about.

The main saloon, cabins, dining-saloon, and smoking-room should all rival in comfort the modern ocean-liner, but, instead of ploughing through the seas by circuitous routes at a humble fifteen or twenty knots, this craft will bear its human freight, straight as the crow flies, across land and sea, direct to its destination, at an average speed of eighty-five miles an hour, under normal weather conditions.

From a deck chair, through large windows, a map of Europe, many thousands of feet below, will be seen unfolding itself before the eyes of the passengers. After leaving the east coast of England, their course will lie across France and down the French and Italian Rivieras. As they cross to Southern Italy and Sicily, in ordinary fine and clear weather, they will see the smoke, first of Vesuvius, and then of snowclad Etna rising toward them, and the wonderful outlines of coast and sea and their colorings of green and blue; and then, as they clear Sicily, the vast shallow basin of the Mediterranean extending around them on all sides, with the black dots of steamers here and there bespeckling the deep azure of that sea; and then, far ahead of them, the first faint dim outline of the northern coasts of Africa, and the illimitable stretches of the great desert regions beyond.

The first mooring-mast will probably be erected near Port Said, and this will be the first halt of the airship on its voyage.

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RUSSIAN COÖPERATIVES

CHARLES GIDE, the distinguished French economist, who recently returned from a visit in Russia as the representative of the French Coöperatives at the jubilee of the General Federation of Soviet Coöperatives, is reported in the Paris Communist daily, *Humanité*, to have brought back some agreeable impressions of that country. Speaking of the Russian Coöperatives, he said: 'After what we saw there, we are forced to characterize what has been accomplished in France as very modest. In Russia the Coöperatives are greatly favored. The Government shows them every privilege. They have a priority call upon merchandise, and they are taxed only half as much as private traders.'

He described private commerce as 'leading a very vegetative existence.' The competition of the Government stores and the Coöperatives is crushing them. Professor Gide found prices rather high in Russia, but plenty to eat. 'There appears to be no shortage of provisions. They are even exporting large quantities. I saw enough on the docks at Riga to load a fleet.'

A correspondent of the London *Economist* believes that Russia s New Economic Policy has not accomplished all that was expected of it, and that the country 'is again faced with a necessity of a thorough revision of her economic organization.' Although the industrial output is only a little more than one quarter of what it was before the war, producers cannot find a market. 'The first signs of the coming depression appeared in the spring of 1922, and by the end of that year the crisis already assumed serious proportions. Since then it has grown apace, with the result that numerous concerns have had to be closed, and unemployment has risen to an unprecedented extent.' In this connection it should be added that Professor Gide observed that Russia was paying her unemployed enough to support them. He also commended the

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new money of account, the *chervonets*, as a success.

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FACING THE WAR DEBTS

GENERAL TAUFFLIEB, Senator from the Bas-Rhin, writes in *L'Information* urging increased efforts to prevent a misunderstanding between the United States and France. Among other things, France should assure this country of her intention to pay her debt to us.

We should not hesitate to follow the example of England and open negotiations with the Washington Government for the payment of our war debt. In thus indicating our intention to pay we shall checkmate most effectively German propaganda against us in that country, and recover at one stroke the sympathy that thousands of Americans felt for us in the days of Verdun. I know the mentality of those energetic, simple, straightforward men well enough to be sure that they will respond to our initiative, by granting us adequate time to meet our obligations and canceling those items in our debt that were incurred in buying arms and ammunition to win our common victory. We are not as rich as the English, and the Americans would not exact excessive interest. . . . Let us set an example of business insight — and even generosity. Let us talk frankly together. That is the best way to restore the value of the franc.

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'WHITE' RULE IN BULGARIA

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Labour Magazine*, the official journal of the British Labor movement, takes a tolerant view of the so-called 'White' régime in Bulgaria, which he describes as 'a degree preferable to the Hungarian or Yugoslav administration.' It permits Socialist and trades-union activities, and there are representatives of the Socialist Party in the Cabinet, who exercise a real influence. In fact, the present Government has the support of all parties in the towns except the Communists. There is room for improvement, in the writer's opinion. The measures taken against the Communists, prior to the uprising described in the *Living Age* of December 15, were unnecessarily severe, and may have provoked the latter to the violent action that followed.

Since this contributor's article was written a general election has been held in Bulgaria, which resulted in an overwhelming victory for the present — or revolutionary — Government, and gives it *de jure* legal status, which it did not previously enjoy. Of course, the Agrarians and the Communists insist that the balloting did not express the real will of the people, because it was given under military duress.

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MINOR NOTES

THE Liberal *Toronto Globe*, commenting upon the British elections, asks why there should not be a coalition of all three parties, 'which could face both domestic and foreign problems with something like united support of the whole people.' This would involve compromises. The Conservatives would have to drop a protective tariff, and the Laborists a capital levy. 'A Canadian M. P.' comments in the same journal upon the tendency in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States for political forces to split into three groups, and wonders what the outcome will be. He thinks all three countries may have to put up with minority rule.

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IT is interesting to note that Great Britain has given up her old fight against the freedom of the seas, at least so far as the ladies are concerned. Women may now become captains or officers of the British merchant marine.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

THE only European war Premiers now in power are Jon Bratiano of Rumania and Nicholas Pashitch of Yugoslavia. How this squares with traditional Balkan political instability the Bucharest *Adeverul* hints.

BRATIANO: *'The British Cabinet has fallen in the elections!' Such a thing could happen only in England — a Government falls by elections!*

The Dutch naval project, discussed elsewhere in this issue, was satirized by 'Jordaan' in the Christmas number of the Amsterdam *Notenkraker*.

DUTCH BOY: *I want it. Let me have it.*

'It is we who decide,' Mr. Asquith told his Liberal followers after the recent elections. There being no majority for any party, Labor cannot govern without Liberal support, and certain Conservative leaders appealed to the Liberals to help keep Labor out. This balance of power exercised by the Liberal Party *John Bull* pictures thus: —

KEEPING 'EM GUESSING

The French Communist *Humanité* emphasizes the rival ambitions of the Nationalist leaders.

MILLERAND: *If I were Premier again —*
POINCARÉ: *If I were President again —*

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THE RISE OF LABOR

BY WICKHAM STEED

[*Whether the Labor Government succeeds or fails, its advent will have far-reaching effects. That the coming elections in the Continental European countries will be deeply influenced cannot be doubted. Having been editor of the* Times *during the later period of the Northcliffe ownership, Mr. Wickham Steed is a British journalist of considerable eminence. He is now the editor of the English* Review of Reviews. *The present article was written before the change in Government.*]

From the *Review of Reviews, January* 15
(London Liberal Monthly)

Labor has come to stay in British politics. Whether or not Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues take office before the end of the month, their influence must remain a determining factor in our public life. Political partisans will look upon that influence with hope, envy, or fear. Members of no party, or those who transfer their support from one party to another as circumstances may suggest, will keep open minds and be accessible to persuasion. These ultimately shape the political course of the country, and it is from their standpoint that I write.

In a sense, the rise of 'Labor' renews my youth. Among the books which I read, as a student in Germany in 1893, was Mr. Sidney Webb's *Socialism in England;* and I have turned again to its pages, and to my marginal notes upon them, during the last few days. When I read them first, I knew well the German Socialist leader, Wilhelm Liebknecht, and less well his fellow triumvirs in the management of the German Social Democratic Party, August Bebel and Paul Singer. In the summer of 1893 I met also Friedrich Engels, the collaborator of Karl Marx; and in following years I saw something of the French Socialist leaders Guesde, Lafargue, Jaurès, Vaillant, and Millerand, now President of the Republic. I remember, too, talks in London with Sidney Webb Tom Mann, John Burns, William Morris and prominent Trades-Union men like Pickard and Fenwick, not to forget Will Thorne, then emerging as organizer of the General Workers' Union.

At the end of last century and in the first decade of this I had some acquaintance with the Italian and the Austrian Socialist Parties, meeting their leaders, watching their rise and, ultimately, their fall. Thus I learned that the most absolute Socialist or Labor principles may prove, in practice, to be strangely relative, and that there is virtue in two homely Austrian proverbs: 'Nothing is eaten so hot as it is cooked' and 'No tree grows so high as to touch Heaven.'

Labor and Socialist leaders — to say nothing of their followers — are human and therefore fallible, as a rule more human than the leaders of older and more firmly constituted parties because they have fewer traditions to hamper them. Also, they are usually more direct. Their avowed object is to improve the lot of the wage-earning sections of their communities, either by revolutionary or, more frequently, by evolutionary means such as the conquest of political power through existing channels. They are, to speak colloquially, frankly 'on the make' for

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their followers, actual and potential; and since those followers may one day form a majority of the electorate they have some title to say that their ideal purpose is that of the old utilitarians — to promote 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' Neither the Conservatives — however nobly their doctrine of conservation may be phrased — nor the Liberals — however pure of mind may be their advocacy of Liberal interests — can really afford to cast stones at Labor in this respect. At most they may pretend to some superiority of 'form,' and claim higher political education, but the true lines of cleavage run rather between ultimate ends and underlying philosophies than between political methods.

It is along these lines that inquiry should proceed. Some experience of political movements abroad and at home during the past generation has convinced me that philosophies and doctrines influence them far more than adventitious circumstances. In his *Socialism in England*, written in 1889, Mr. Sidney Webb thus defined the rival doctrines of 'Individualist Radicalism' and of what he then called 'Socialist Radicalism': —

INDIVIDUALIST RADICALISM 1840–1874	SOCIALIST RADICALISM 1889
That the best Government is that which governs least.	That the best Government is that which can safely and most successfully administer most.
That the utmost possible scope should be allowed to individual enterprise in industry.	That, wherever possible, industries of widespread public service should be organized and controlled for the public benefit.
That open competition and complete freedom from legal restrictions furnish the best guaranties of a healthy industrial community.	That only by gradually increasing legal restrictions can the worst competitors be prevented from ousting their better rivals.
That the desired end of 'equality of opportunity' can be ultimately reached by allowing to each person the complete ownership of any riches he may become possessed of.	That political economy indubitably proves 'equality of opportunity' to be absolutely impossible of even approximate attainment, so long as complete private ownership exists in land and other economic monopolies.
That the best possible social state will result from each individual pursuing his own interest in the way he thinks best.	That social health is something apart from and above the interest of individuals and must be consciously pursued as an end in itself.

Mr. Sidney Webb claimed that Individualist Radicalism was even then, in fact, not only dead but largely forgotten: witness the flagrant departures from its doctrines which Liberals and Radicals had accepted; and as to English Conservatism, he wrote: —

> The English Conservative Party, moreover, by no means corresponds to the various conservative or reactionary elements in continental politics, but is itself constantly being 'permeated' by new ideas emanating from the other side. A party whose leaders carried the abolition of the Corn Laws (1846), most of the Factory Acts, household suffrage in the towns (1867), and democratic local self-government in London and the rural districts (1888) cannot be said to be a mere party of reaction. The fact that all these measures were unwilling concessions to popular pressure only emphasizes their democratic character.

Since 1889, both of the older parties have taken further strides away from Individualist Radicalism in the direction of Socialism. Even the Conservatives would not now repeal Old Age Pensions, or other 'socializing' measures, if they could. But while it is true that many Liberals would find it so easy to support measures which a Labor Government would introduce that coöperation between Liberalism and Labor would be feasible, it is equally true that the Labor or Socialist con-

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ception of the State is more nearly akin to the traditional Conservative conception than the traditional Liberal conception can ever be. And it is here that a main line of cleavage may be found to run. The event may show deeper incompatibilities between Liberalism and Labor than between Labor and Conservatism.

Names matter little when fundamental issues are raised. Those issues are to-day not very different from the issues defined by Mr. Sidney Webb thirty years ago. Liberals by temperament, whatever their party allegiance, still believe 'that the best Government is that which governs least'; and most Socialists or Labor men hold, consciously or unconsciously, 'that the best Government is that which can safely and most successfully administer most.'

In other words, Liberalism regards legislation and government as means of ensuring to individuals the greatest possible degree of freedom that may be not incompatible with the welfare of the community, whereas Socialists aim primarily at an increase, by legislation or administrative action, of the material well-being of the largest possible number of citizens as the chief safeguard and guaranty of social weal. Equality of opportunity, they maintain, cannot be really secured unless all start fair from an economic and educational scratch-line which it is the business of the State to fix. Controversy on this subject may yield some strange results during the next few years.

What are we to understand by the 'health' or 'welfare' of the community? A corollary of 'socializing' or 'nationalizing' legislation, whether it proceed from Conservative, Liberal, or Labor Governments, is that it tends to increase the number of officials, to stimulate the growth of bureaucracy and to decrease the proportion of autonomous individuals who take all the risks of life, try to stand on their own feet, and, in the effort, become politically and morally self-helping and sturdy. Between communities in which the proportion of antonomous individuals is high and those in which the proportion of official automatons is preponderant, the former are undoubtedly the stronger and the more healthy.

If it be granted that the increasing complexity of civilized existence and the tendency of trade and industry toward combination — with the attendant bureaucratization of employees and the dangers to which the wealth and power of such combinations expose the independence of Governments — compel the community, in self-defense, to accept measures of State control which would otherwise have been unnecessary or even harmful, the fundamental question still remains whether it is wise to hasten this development or to retard it until it shall be mature. In a word, the question is whether non-Labor and non-Socialist parties should fight a delaying, rear-guard action or seek to forestall Socialism by an offensive of their own.

On this point there is room for honest difference of opinion; and it would be mistaken to assume that unity in regard to it exists even in the Labor Party. Political analysts recognize the existence of several divergent currents in 'Labor.' Between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the 'wild men' of the Clyde, a common denominator may be hard to maintain. Not all the Trades-Union members of the Party are of one mind. Some of them are essentially Conservative, at least as regards the interests of their unions. Others are vaguely or avowedly radical. Again, the position of 'intellectuals' like Mr. Philip Snowden or Mr. Brailsford is by no means identical with that of the South Wales miners, nor is the outlook

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of the latter quite the same as the outlook of the miners of Yorkshire.

It would seem to follow that practical agreement may only be secured upon measures so general as to command the provisional acceptance of all — and in this circumstance may lie one safeguard against attempts at precipitate Socialist legislation or administrative action on the part of a Labor Government. Another safeguard is that the Labor Party is a minority. In some ways it is a misfortune for the Labor Party that it should have been confronted, without adequate training in the school of Parliamentary opposition, with the choice between taking office as a minority and, therefore, as a tolerated administration, and declining office and facing the taunts of its own adherents and of other parties that it had fled from the burdens it was ostensibly eager to shoulder. But politics are like life. Opportunities come when they are least expected. They have to be taken, with all their risks and drawbacks, or to be imprudently missed in the belief that they will recur at a more convenient season. On balance, it seems clear that should Mr. Ramsay MacDonald be invited to form an administration he could not afford to decline. Should he accept and achieve any notable degree of success he will enhance the influence of his party. He may even welcome the enforced moderation entailed by the position of Labor as a minority Government.

Since the impossibility of carrying contentious legislation against other parties is likely to preclude sensational departures in home affairs, the test of a Labor Government might come in the sphere of foreign policy. On this point Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently gave hostages to fortune. He wrote a book, or a booklet, 'The Foreign Policy of the Labor Party,' which all may read. In dealing with Anglo-American relations he shows a perspective which many Conservative and Liberal members of Parliament might envy. Yet his optimistic assumption that the advent of a Labor Government 'could not help receiving the sympathetic attention of the American people,' and the assertion that 'the ideas of democratic control and democratic aims to which the Labor Party has held steadfastly . . . enable it to see more plainly than other parties the American point of view,' suggest that he hardly understands the special meaning which Americans attach to words like 'Radicalism.' Perhaps he underestimates the extent to which a Labor Government would have to 'make good,' as an element of stability in international relations, before it could command even the preliminary good-will of the United States. But his assurance is welcome that

> No party will fulfill its international obligations with more scrupulous care than the Labor Party. The responsible leaders of Labor, both on its industrial and its political sides, have shown again and again that to them an agreement is an agreement. Our Labor movement has never had the least inclination to try short cuts to the millennium; if it had, the Russian example would have cured it. There is far more menace to the friendly relations between America and ourselves in a new Tariff Bill introduced in Washington, or a Tariff Reform agitation conducted here from Tory headquarters — certainly far more in the feeble handling by our Government of the disgraceful conduct of the liquor interest in conspiring to violate the law of America — than there would be in the domestic policy of a Labor Government ruling here in the interests of the mass of our people.

In relation to European policy Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's doctrine is almost Conservative. 'I am sure that no responsible statesman will ever persuade the people of this country to disarm in a world armed to the teeth

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. . . So long as the world is armed, the simple traditional determining purposes of British military policy will remain active. We cannot feel safe if any one Power should be able to dominate the Continent, and we shall therefore continue to be interested in a balance of power policy.'

Naturally Mr. MacDonald is not enamored of the balance of power and hopes that means may be found to place national security, after a time of transition, upon a totally different foundation. 'These problems of transformation,' he wisely adds, 'are the hardest of all problems to explain to mere propagandists or to people who see nothing but black on one side and white on the other.' He agrees that 'we must find in the League of Nations the focus of our contacts with Europe' and urges that we must have no sectional alliances and give 'no guaranties of a special kind.' But 'until the League has obtained the confidence of all the important nations, we must not become the mere cat's-paws of the League's devotees, and do nothing except through the League.' He is strongly averse from a policy of isolation which, he rightly says, would be 'surrender'; for it would deprive us of the initiative and 'let the tides heaving in the world carry us whither they will.'

While advocating the establishment of regular diplomatic relations with Moscow, Mr. MacDonald makes it clear that he is under no illusions as to the misdeeds of the Bolshevist Government. He writes: —

> It did harbor for a long time a belief in a world revolution on Bolshevist lines; it spent money in foreign countries — our own included — promoting such a revolution; it used diplomatic privileges to carry on conspiracy and propaganda; it claimed for its agents, in countries like Georgia, immunity from arrest and at the same time the right to overthrow the government to which they were accredited. I do not refer to the troubles which they did their best to bring upon us at times when we were in conspiracies against them. We have no right to complain about that. Nor do I refer to the scores of false charges brought against Moscow. I have in mind only things of which I have personal knowledge, things done, not in reply to any hostility shown, but as the result of the animating idea of youthful Bolshevism that it owed no obligation to any non-Communist State, that it was bound by no rules of the game, but that it could use its will and its wits without scruple and solely to suit its own purposes.

But when he suggests that the Moscow Government 'has seen the folly of the world-revolution' he avers what is unproven, and the burden of proof — and of prudence — rests upon him and his fellow leaders of British Labor.

Whether in office or in opposition the Labor Party will be, in the immediate future, more fully upon its trial than ever before. The fairer the trial the greater may be its difficulties. Not only would its Ministers find direct contact with the great machine of State a sobering experience, but they might realize, for the first time in many cases, how stout a political philosophy needs to be if it is to withstand the debilitating influence of a daily struggle with unforeseen practical emergencies and to preserve some semblance of principle amid a whirl of urgent expediencies.

If a glance at the growth of the Labor Party shows an advance toward unity of mind and creed, it shows also the continued presence in it of heterogeneous if not centripetal elements. Its birth certificate was, in a sense, the adoption by the Trades-Union Congress at Plymouth in 1899 of a resolution, moved by the railwaymen's delegates, in favor of independent Labor representation in Parliament. The resolution was only carried by 546 to 434 votes, but it sufficed. Until then, the older Trades-Union officials had tried

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to keep politics out of Trades-Union affairs, leaving inevitable political matters to the Parliament Committee of the Trades-Union Congress, and practical action to the Liberal Party with which most of the old Trades-Union leaders were associated.

In February, 1900, Socialist organizations were, for the first time, represented jointly with the Trades-Unions at a special Congress held in the Memorial Hall. At this Congress Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was appointed secretary to a Labor Representation Committee — a position which he held until 1911. This Committee put forward fifteen candidates in the election of 1900 and, despite the influence of the South African War, which they opposed, it secured the reëlection of Mr. Keir Hardie and the election of Mr. Richard Bell, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. By-elections added to the Labor group in Parliament Mr. D. J. Shackleton (now Sir David Shackleton of the Ministry of Labor), the late Mr. Will Crooks, and Mr. Arthur Henderson. But Trades-Union allegiance to the Labor Party was still strong, and what was known as the 'Lib.-Lab.' view was held by some members of the Labor Representation Committee itself. In 1903 the third Conference of the Committee resolved, however, that members of the executive 'should abstain from identifying themselves with or promoting the interests of any section of the Liberal or Conservative Parties,' and the establishment of a fund to assist Labor candidates and Labor members of Parliament was also authorized.

In the General Election of 1906 the Labor Representation Committee, having changed its name to that of the 'Labor Party,' put forward fifty candidates, of whom twenty-nine were returned. Nearly as many Trades-Unionists were also returned separately as Liberals. At the two elections of 1910 the strength of the Labor Party rose to forty in January and forty-two in December, while that of the Liberal-Labor members fell to six — a reduction due in part to the adhesion of the Miners' Federation to the Labor Party. But not until the election of December 1918 did the party seriously attempt to challenge the predominance of the Conservatives and Liberals. In that year it nominated 361 candidates, who polled 2,244,945 votes, as compared with the 506,690 polled in 1910, though its Parliamentary strength increased only from forty-two to fifty-seven. Four years later, in 1922, it nominated 414 candidates, polled 4,236,733 votes and secured 142 seats. Last month its candidates were 423, its aggregate of votes 4,348,379 and its members 191. The triangular contests, which were largely unfavorable to Labor candidates in 1922, turned to their advantage in 1923.

Had Mr. Stanley Baldwin resigned immediately after the General Election he would have embarrassed the Labor Party. A hasty decision to form a Government would have aroused dissatisfaction and, possibly, opposition within the Party. But during the past month Labor opinion has hardened in the direction of taking office at the first opportunity, though it is still uncertain which of two possible courses a Labor Government would follow. One course would be to formulate an extreme programme on home and foreign affairs, to court defeat upon it, and to rely upon a completer victory at the next General Election. The other would be deliberately to adopt a moderate programme, to govern with an obvious sense of responsibility and with nice discernment of what is and what is not practicable, and to trust that this moderation would so allay the apprehen-

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sions or gain the sympathies of the non-Labor electorate as to secure for Labor candidates a fuller measure of support than they received in December.

Of these two courses Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his principal colleagues would undoubtedly prefer the latter. But it remains to be seen whether it would be equally favored by the extremer sections of the Party. The conflict, if conflict there be, seems likely to come between the advocates of common-sense on the one hand, and those of 'economic' or Socialist 'doctrine' on the other. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could steer a clear course on an even keel between the doctrinaires who would urge him 'forward' in some uncharted direction on the strength of some untried abstract principle, and between the 'wild men' who would have him run amuck among existing institutions merely because they exist, he may yet astonish his Conservative and Liberal detractors and hold his extremists in respectful discipline. Otherwise he may wreck both his party and himself.

In some ways the hour is propitious for him. The performances of the Bolsheviki in Russia strengthen his hand against his apostles of the 'class-struggle,' while the reactionary excesses of the Fascisti in Italy and elsewhere should help him to safeguard the country against ill-considered attempts to emulate those sorry saviors of society. At the same time he represents, or may represent, an inarticulate idealism that has never been stronger in Great Britain, especially among the younger generation, than it is to-day. Disappointment with the failure of the peace to conserve and develop the moral triumphs of the war is wide and deep. It is the true cause of the decline in the fortunes of Mr. Lloyd George, if not in those of the Liberal Party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can have support of sane British idealism, not, indeed, for the asking, but in return for proof that he is fit to be its faithful, albeit not imprudent, exponent and custodian. If he or his followers disappoint or estrange it, they may wander long in the wilderness.

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VERDUN, 1924

BY JEAN PERRIGAULT

[*Faced by the necessity of paying for Reparations themselves, instead of charging them up to Germany on a separate 'Budget of Recoverable Expenses,' the French have decided on the eve of the elections to reëxamine all damage-claims exceeding one million francs. 'Germany will pay,' has been the slogan of the Nationalists. 'But France pays,' reply the Radicals. For this year eight billion francs are needed. 'The sharks, the big property-owners, have obtained twenty billions too much,' declares Deputy Inghels of the Nord Department, 'or nearly enough to settle the hundred and forty-two thousand claims yet pending.'*]

From *Progrès Civique, January 5*
(PARIS RADICAL WEEKLY)

THE trainmen of the 'Est' shout: 'Verdun, five-minute stop! Buffet lunch!'

Since leaving Clermont-en-Argonne, where from 1916 to 1918 the trains were switched off the bombarded main track, you no longer recognize the route. To be sure, on either side of the railroad track the fields, dotted with deep water-filled holes, still show traces of battle, and you soon make out the Meuse, with its marshes and misty ridges, its clouded horizons; but the names of the railroad stations seem strange: Aubreville, Dombasle, Baleicourt. Formerly the road did not go that way.

Are these new, these neat villages, drenched in the winter fog? You do not know; but their orderliness is attractive. Here are pretty towns along a road starting from a pretty railroad-station.

And here is a beautiful city, despite the sticky mud, the squirts of which warn you, as soon as you put foot in the automobile-lined streets, that at Verdun, now as formerly, you have to look where you step, where you go, and where you duck.

Verdun is a huge work-yard about to be closed. Calabrian brigands, bronzed and thin-faced under their pointed caps, olive-hued Portuguese, Algerians, and Spaniards bestir themselves among the building-materials. These are the workmen employed on reconstruction. Their work is marvelous. What huge stores, all in white! What beautiful 'bourgeois' houses! It is all very handsome, and if it is expensive, it is substantial.

So much the better for the architects and the contractors. So much the better, also, for the homeless people of Verdun, who suffered enough from the horrors of war to deserve some reward. So much the better for all the homeless people of the old front, who are now going to live happily in luxurious houses.

'Don't you think that the city is much better-looking than before the war?' I asked of a chestnut-peddler, kicking his heels on a corner of the central square.

'D'know, *moussié*,' the man replied in a singsong tone.

'France certainly owes that much to the heroic city.'

'I'm a Spaniard, moussié.'

Other tradesmen are Italians. One, for instance, runs the *Ristorante* nearby, another's sign reads: *Prodotti Italiani*, and a fourth: *Sartoria Italiana*. Their compatriots could not get along without them. There was in former times on the banks of the Meuse a cor-

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ner called 'Little Venice.' Venice has overflowed.

But there are also French people living in Verdun: twelve thousand French, I am told — one thousand less than in 1914. Twelve thousand Frenchmen, who should not be taken for the old inhabitants of Verdun. From three to four thousand residents of Verdun left permanently when the city was in ruins. Disheartened, too old to think of rebuilding, they have stayed away to end their lives wherever the haphazards of the flight led them.

Other people have taken their places. Who?

WAR DAMAGES

To Be Sold at Public Auction

Total damages	12,836 fr. 40
Additional expenses	48,902 fr.
Deterioration	1,721 fr.
	63,459 fr. 40

Offered at 13,000 Francs Cash

These damages may be reinvested anywhere in the Verdun district.

A hundred posters of that sort, displayed on the walls of the City Hall, have attracted buyers. Here, for example, in return for thirteen thousand francs paid to a homeless war-sufferer, you may acquire a credit on the State for 63,459 francs. A dozen deals of this kind would give you an even million for a cash investment of 150,000 francs. Now you understand why luxurious structures have gone up everywhere in the city, and why their owners, although the law requires them to be French, are not all bona fide residents of Verdun.

It is harder to understand why miserable shanties, built of boards on the edges of the fortifications, still shelter — if one may be permitted to use the word — thousands of poor wretches.

'For the most part, they are refugees from villages in the red zone, entirely destroyed. Nothing has been reconstructed there.'

'Well?'

'Well, they are poor people, I told you.'

Leaving the city by the Faubourg Pavé, I took the tragic road which runs as far as Douaumont.

Cemeteries! The one in the suburb has been chosen for official ceremonies. In addition to the Marceau Cemetery, which can be seen a little farther away on the bloodstained road, the necropolis of the Faubourg Pavé seems to be an ideal final resting-place.

Already, in the icy and penetrating fog, we have reached the battlefield. Here a monument, with the figure of a lion crouching on blocks of rough stone, rises before you. It is the memorial erected in honor of the dead of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Division, at the extreme limit of the German advance.

Here is Fleury, a desert with a hundred thousand muddy craters, where rusty barbed wire runs like brambles, and where there are still holes, now filled with discolored water, which were formerly bombproof shelters. These communication lines, these trenches in which we crawled on our hands and knees, in which we killed each other, have kept their fearful appearance, only aggravated by the growth of queer herbs, weeds, and vines from seeds of unknown origin.

At a turn of a communication trench lie a shovel, a water-bottle, a rifle — the whole equipment of a soldier.

'Hey, fellows!' you are on the point of shouting.

The infinite silence produces a hallucination. 'Hey!'

And before you a poor skeleton lies on the field. Who would come to get it there? Ten metres away is another.

The earth is rich in soldiers. . . .

Of the four hundred thousand Frenchmen who fell during the battle

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of Verdun, only fifty thousand have been interred in the cemeteries. The remaining three hundred and fifty thousand remain and will remain until the end of the world in the atrocious confusion of upset trenches, of caved-in shell-holes and flooded shelters.

From time to time a pilgrim like myself, coming across some remnant in the red zone, informs the Administration, which takes it away if it can. These are the scraps of the Mangin 'fête.'

'Fête'! That's what he said!

On October 22, 1922, speaking at the charnel house of Douaumont, in the presence of a bishop, a dozen generals, and some fifty pious women, he recalled the preparation for the attack preceding the 'fête' of the recapture of Douaumont. . . .

And he repeated: one fourth of the German guns were not able to fire 'on the day of the "fête."'

Ah, those Verdun 'fêtes'! What a brutal ferocity there is in certain words!

Let us get away from the horrors of the battlefield. The reborn Verdun awaits us.

I told you that its reconstruction, conducted on a magnificent scale, is nearly finished. In another year, at most in eighteen months, the Calabrian brigands, the Spanish workmen, all the pick-and-shovel laborers and the masons, will leave this foggy country for their own sunshine.

Verdun as a modern city will be well equipped; but equipped for what purpose?

'Before the war,' someone who knows told me, 'the inhabitants of Verdun lived almost entirely on the garrison. There were twenty-seven thousand soldiers in our fortress and we were only thirteen thousand civilians. To be sure, we had a little yarn-mill, and a candy factory, employing about a hundred persons. But Verdun was the leading fortress in France, and derived from that fact both pride and profits.'

'And to-day?'

'To-day — you must have been told already — Verdun has twelve thousand inhabitants instead of thirteen thousand. The garrison consists of about one thousand soldiers, and the reconstruction workmen, who will break camp as soon as they are through, are not more than two or three thousand.'

'But the city seems to be quite prosperous.'

'Look around you. What do you see? Hotels? Yes, the hotel industry has developed at Verdun. We have over six hundred rooms for tourists who come to visit the battlefields and the cemeteries. But the tourist traffic is only seasonal, and who knows whether, in a few years, the red zone will still have any attraction?

'Architects, contractors, appraisers, and dealers in furniture, bedding, electric-light fixtures, and heating apparatus? All these tradesmen ought to get rich in a few years. Making money easily, they spend it freely. Consequently they constitute, together with the tourists, the principal source of the artificial prosperity which you see. But before long the income which business in Verdun derives from them will disappear with them, and, being deprived of the twenty-seven thousand soldiers on whom they formerly lived, the inhabitants will feel a business depression. Their stores and houses have been built on too large a scale. . . . '

And that is why Verdun is afraid of never being anything except a gray spot in the terrible red zone.

'The industrialists of the North have had Loucheur, and M. Loucheur has seen to it that his electors got some fine factories.' That is what is being murmured at Verdun.

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Is this true about Loucheur? One is tempted to believe it, after comparing the splendors of the new factories in the North with the miseries of the shacks in which homeless people are still housed in this vicinity.

The factory-owners of the North vote for Loucheur, and the workingmen against him. So far the inhabitants of Verdun have voted for Maginot and his friends, but they are beginning to see at what cost, and if M. Maginot has to disappear in order that the empty military barracks may be filled with workingmen, the people of Verdun will lend a hand, you may be sure.

ITALIAN IMPERIALIST DOCTRINE

BY ENRICO CORRADINI

[*In Italian the spirit of Treitschke still speaks. Are French and English too blasé? The young Fascists are at least frank about what they aim to do. 'It is for the people of Italy,' J. St. Loe Strachey, the kindly editor of the London* Spectator, *wrote on 'The Spirit of Fascism,' 'to choose what suits them, and apparently they have chosen well for themselves.' The author is a Senator.*]

From *Gerarchia, December*
(MILAN FASCIST MONTHLY, BENITO MUSSOLINI, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

IT is important to understand that the political principles of the new régime are in every respect different from those of the old. We could not speak of the new and the old régime if it were otherwise. The difference in question is exactly what makes the new régime a new one.

There are a few Liberals who assert that Fascism ought to be on good terms with Liberalism and even accept its advice. . . . These people do not understand. Liberalism and Fascism, like Fascism and democracy, Fascism and Socialism, are opposite historical tendencies. Liberalism, democracy, and Socialism belong, all three, to the same period of history. Fascism, on the other hand, belongs to a succeeding period. In Italy this period began with the first years of the current century. To be sure, the new régime borrowed a few things from its predecessors. Nevertheless, it is their apogee; it is the fruition of a superior principle that had been lacking in each of the others.

This superior principle is that of imperialism.

Nationalism, Fascism, and imperialism are one and the same thing. The first two are manifestations of the national spirit during two successive periods. Nationalism belongs to pre-war times, Fascism is a post-war expression of victory. The two merge and have their common issue in imperialism.

This is the foundation of the new régime. What did the old political schools have to do with imperialism? They did not comprehend it; they repudiated it. All that people knew about imperialism at that time was the Prussian variety of it, and they hated war accordingly. As recently as yesterday Liberalism declared through one of its leaders: 'We must look forward

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toward international solidarity. . . .' But then Liberals ought to realize, once for all, that there is nothing 'national' or 'international' about their doctrines. Liberalism is a certain political principle concerning the mutual relations of citizens and the State. It has nothing to do with foreign policy.

The same thing may be said of democracy and Socialism. All three were companions in arms during the old régime, and all three took the same attitude toward imperialism: they did not understand it and hated it, as I have said.

Here is the real virtue of the new imperialist principle: it exposes and destroys all of the theories and the mental attitudes of the old régime. It represents a change from the triple relations between parties, citizens, and classes to the policy of a single sovereign — the State; and a State policy implies an international struggle. This is the whole imperialist principle — the principle of the State as agent of the nation in the international struggle. In short, from the period in history characterized by the class struggle we have entered another historic period — that of the struggle of nations.

The struggle of the proletariat, as a class, against the bourgeoisie, as another class, has been and still is a fact of real life. This fact has been emphasized by Socialism, and in this sense Socialism has had its part in the life of realities; but if Socialism be understood as a mission to be accomplished in the world — namely, the abolition of the bourgeoisie by the proletariat and the establishment of universal equality — it has no justification and is only wasting time. The fact that some Socialists have reverted from revolutionary tendencies to reformism, and further on from reformism to coöperation in Parliament, shows that those gentlemen have come to a realization of the futility of a 'mythological' belief in their higher predestination. The class struggle alone is a reality and a necessary condition of a society, but it is subordinated to a still higher reality — the struggle of nations. This truth was not apparent under the Liberal and the democratic régimes, and it has been flatly denied during the Socialist régime.

Then, all of a sudden one fine day, amid the Liberal, democratic, Socialist, internationalist, pacifist Europeans, a howling war-cry surged from the deep. In those first days of August, 1914, the myth of a bourgeoisie opposed to Socialism collapsed. To be sure, the imbecile bourgeois never saw in the war anything but the horrid Apocalyptic monster of Prussian militarism, while the equally excessive stupidity of the Socialists saw nothing but 'treason of the German proletariat.' In truth, however, it was the supreme factor of real life, the struggle of nations, that had moved to the foreground.

The Italian, born in the very heart of the Mediterranean Basin, has always seen displayed before him the world-wide struggle of nations. He himself is the offspring of many races who had been fighting each other for the five thousand years of his national history. He has seen the Phœnician navigators, the Greek colonizers, the Roman legions, the barbarian hordes. After the Roman Empire and the Roman peace he has seen the struggle of nations continue up to the present day. He cannot conceive history without this perpetual struggle and change. History reveals necessity. Necessity is law.

Expansion of productive forces is also a law. Here is the root of the imperialistic principle. Productive forces reach out for fertile ground. They seek to acquire the vital sap held captive in

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the soil by inert savages, barbarians, and decadent races.

Productive peoples are constantly spurred on by irresistible necessity to take possession of fertile regions, reaching them by land or sea. When they have completed their long journey and their hard work of hundreds and thousands of years, fulfilling the mysterious Will that impels all things, from their origin to their disintegration, other races, young and vigorous, fall heirs to this hard work and this long journey. So, although the producers perish, production never ceases. These are the ethics of imperialism.

The imperialistic nations are the greatest productive organs in what is called by the general name of human civilization. Physical production is the less important. The thing which matters most is spiritual fecundity. Humankind must produce its share of the life of the Spirit, which is civilization. The Roman Empire produced such life, and it still survives and permeates humanity.

We are far from putting the class struggle in opposition to the international struggle. The former will not abolish the latter, as the Socialists pretend. The two integrate and complete each other; for they are born of the same principle and look forward to the same end. Imperialism, as manifested in the nation's internal life, is the class struggle. The same thing expressed in the nation's outside relations is the international struggle. Class struggle renovates the productive forces within a country, while the struggle between nations does the same on a world-wide scale. The bourgeoisie, the upper classes, and the ruling classes are at the head of a nation's production, just as imperialistic nations lead the world in its productive work. Seen from this angle, the imperialistic nations are the leaders of the world.

Empire is the reward of victorious States in the struggle of nations.

Fascism in Italy has adopted the militant policy, which furthers the imperialistic principle. It has produced the first Government clearly conscious of the nation's supreme aim — Empire.

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THE DEFENSE OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

BY PIERRE BRUNEAU

[*On the question of spending* $150,000,000 *on warships and hydroplanes for the defense of the colonies in the Far East, the Dutch Parliament has not been able to come to an agreement. Last fall the Government's proposal was defeated by a vote of fifty to forty-nine and the Cabinet, headed by Jonkheer Ch. J. M. Ruys de Beerenbrouck, resigned. The opposition could not agree upon the formation of a new Government, however, and so, after a crisis lasting over two months, the Queen refused to accept the resignation of her old Ministers, who had continued to discharge their duties. But the naval-defense problem also remains as before. Against the naval bill there was presented a petition bearing* 1,130,000 *signatures.*]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, December* 29
(Paris Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

It would be a mistake to believe that the Dutch naval programme has been initiated in consequence of the proposed construction, by Great Britain, of a great naval base at Singapore. The British project, planned as early as 1911, was not definitely decided upon until the middle of 1923. The Dutch programme, on the other hand, designed simultaneously for the defense of the home coasts and those of the Sunda Islands, was introduced in the parliament at The Hague on November 3, 1921, on the eve of the Washington Conference.

This great diplomatic gathering, which led — among other things — to the signature of the Pacific Treaty, did not change the views of the Dutch Government as to its naval programme. Upon his return from Washington on February 8, 1922, M. Ihr Van Karnebeek, Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed the second Chamber about the situation as regards the Dutch possessions, after the formation of the Quadruple Entente: —

'On December 13, 1921, the United States concluded, with the British Empire, France, and Japan, a convention for the maintenance of peace as well as for the protection of their rights in reference to their possessions and island dominions in the Pacific Ocean. They have thereby pledged themselves to respect the rights of each other as regards these possessions and dominions. In view of the fact that Holland is not a signatory Power to this convention, and the further fact that the Dutch possessions in the Pacific Ocean are not, in consequence, included in this agreement, the Government of the United States, desiring to forestall every deduction which would be contrary to the spirit of the treaty, insists upon declaring that it is formally resolved to respect the rights of Holland in relation to its island possessions in the Pacific Ocean.'

The Minister added that a similar statement was received *separately* from each of the four contracting Powers.

What, then, are the reasons which have induced the Dutch Government to maintain, after the Washington Conference, its naval programme in respect to the Dutch East Indies? Its attitude has been dictated by considerations of a political, strategic, and economic nature. From the political point of view, it seems that the statement quoted, 'received *separately*' from the

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interested Powers, did not have, in its opinion, the character of a real guaranty. That is, moreover, the statement of Rear-Admiral Gooszen, who was nominated last August to command the fleet in the Dutch East Indies after the resignation of Rear-Admiral Umgrove, in disagreement with the Governor-General, Dirk Fock, who was opposed to the project on account of its financial repercussions on the colony. In an interview printed in the *Maasbode* of August 12, Rear-Admiral Gooszen, 'the spiritual father of the project,' emphasized this point: 'The Washington Conference brought Holland *a certain security* as regards its rights in the Dutch Indies, but the statement of the four Powers has not the value of a guaranty treaty.' That is also the conclusion of a report filed last June by a special commission of experts whom the Government had instructed to make a new inquiry, in order to meet the opposition that had arisen in Parliament and in the country. This commission concluded that the League of Nations could not guarantee peace and that a conflict was possible in the Pacific, where the Washington treaty had only delayed a culmination of the risks of war.

Under such circumstances, the important strategic position of the Dutch Indies was recognized as unfavorable. On this point the *Gazette de Hollande* wrote on July 28, 1923: 'The position of our colonies in the extreme East corresponds exactly to that of the home country, located between the different Powers of Western Europe.' Though Germany has disappeared from the Pacific Ocean, Holland still has, as colonial neighbors, more or less distant, France (Indo-China), the British Empire (Singapore and Australia), the United States (the Philippines), and Japan — in other words, the largest military and naval Powers in the world. The Sunda Islands are situated at the crossroads of the great maritime routes, the importance of which is emphasized by the proximity of Singapore. The above Powers are to the highest degree interested in either assuring unrestricted circulation in these straits or cutting off communication. The waters surrounding the Dutch Indies are destined to play, in case of war, a great strategic rôle, corresponding to that which they now play in a commercial sense. Having its colonial domain in these regions, the Dutch Government desires to assure its defense by means of a 'mosquito fleet,' — small cruisers, submarines, mine-layers, and hydroplanes, — a fleet 'strong enough,' as specified in the report of the commission, 'so that future belligerents will dread seeing the Netherlands throw themselves in the arms of their adversary.' These naval forces are to have bases to be constructed in the Riouw Archipelago, opposite Singapore, at Tandjong-Prick (Batavia), at Soerabaya, and at Macassar, the two latter points being situated to the east of 110° longitude, in a zone where fortifications are forbidden for the Powers signatory to the Pacific Treaty.

These defensive preparations also indicate a desire to protect the economic resources in which the Dutch Indies abound. These islands are, in fact, extremely fertile, producing in great quantities sugar, rubber, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, tea, and Peruvian bark, which have replaced spices. In 1921 their petroleum deposits yielded 18,000,000 barrels, which puts them fourth in world production. In the southwestern part of the Pacific they constitute the great reservoir of the precious liquid, of which Singapore — holding provisions for one year — is the great distributing centre. The points to be fortified are so located as

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to assure protection for the tank steamers which load oil at Balik Papan, at Palembang, at Pangkalan Brandan, and at Grisee.

Finally, the Dutch commercial fleet which, from the Suez Canal to the American shores, has developed at the expense of the German merchant marine, would profit from 'the insurance guaranteed by a navy.'

In renouncing all these advantages, the Dutch Parliament derives support from the opinion of the retiring Minister of Finance, M. Degeer, and from that of the Governor-General, Dirk Fock. The two billions of francs that were to be spent in six years also weighed in the balance. Furthermore, the catastrophe in Japan — against which country the Dutch naval programme was aimed, 'prolonging the Singapore front' — has alleviated fears for some years to come. The construction of a great naval base at Singapore might also appear to be a protection for the Anglo-Dutch owners of the oil deposits of the Sunda Islands, especially for the Royal-Dutch, which has got the better of its rival, the Standard Oil, at Djambi, and which, under English auspices, is going to take charge of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. As in Europe, the naval defense of the Dutch colonies in the Pacific depends, in the last instance, on the British fleet. Singapore will be a fortress washed by waves of oil, of which it will guarantee the control.

PREDVOL GOLOSUI

BY A. SERGEEV

[*For the benefit of readers who do not know Russian, 'Predvol' is the title of the chairman of a township soviet, 'Golosui' is a family name meaning the imperative 'Vote!' and 'kulaki,' literally fist, is a nickname for a rich peasant.*]

From *Moscow Pravda, December* 1
(Communist-Party Official Daily)

While the deputy-commissar spoke on current questions, the chairman of the executive committee of the township, with the surprising family name of Golosui, was standing humbly and listlessly at the chairman's desk, ready at any moment to serve the orator, the speaker of the meeting, and the committee members with his explanations, references, and errands. In a worn dirty raincoat, with his tired young peasant's face, he reminded one of an ordinary office-messenger and caretaker rather than an all-powerful local ruler.

The peasants crowd together in a solid mass, all smoking, spitting, and slyly watching their chief — their 'predvol,' as is the local term. Golosui feels these covert glances and, breathing deeply, shakes his head, as if dispelling weighty thoughts.

The address on current questions is finished. The orator has especially

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developed the idea of the possibility of an attack upon Soviet Russia, and of the necessity of being prepared to repulse the attack. He finishes, and proposes that the audience express opinions, ask questions. Silence. Several times the orator urges them to speak, not to be shy, to evoke an exchange of opinion. . . .

'There is nothing to talk about,' several voices from the crowd are heard to say. 'If there is need to fight, how can one refuse to do it? Whether he wants to or not, he has to. It is not like staying with your wife. Go ahead!'

Now the predvol makes his report. At the moment when he steps out, holding a piece of paper on which his notes are jotted down, the whole crowd pushes forward, pressing upon one another until the men in front are leaning against the wooden rails of the office. In this cracking of human bones and wooden rails there sounds the beast-like rage of creatures ready to spring and tear in pieces the predvol.

'I, comrade peasants,' Golosui coughs, 'did what I could. . . . That is what. First of all, my work was the division of the nobleman's estate. I worked openly, and yet I know there are those who are dissatisfied.'

In these short sentences, scarcely more than hints, Golosui forestalls his electors. Standing with one side toward his visiting chief and with the other toward the mass of the peasants, he appears to be protecting with his body one side from the other, attempting to be understood by both sides in the most essential points. These original peasant reports, imbued with a fine diplomatic restraint, are at the same time very eloquent.

'Further — the redistribution of meadows,' says Golosui. 'And here, I know, some will be angry with me. And yet I worked, and redistributed. Let, though, one Red Army man or a poor peasant complain against me . . .'

Stern silence.

'Then, the redistribution of seed grain. Here I had to labor much, so much that it cannot be measured. To secure teams and send them out for seed grain required much hard work. Only when I promised for each team five poods [180 pounds] of seed grain, did I succeed in hauling it here. But even then . . .'

The peasants are silent.

'The distribution of taxes — ' continues the predvol. 'Well, we all know what that means. Almost every day I had to visit all twenty-five villages. That means a total distance of seventy-five versts. For the school I had to collect the people three times, and with great difficulty I finally succeeded.' Golosui stops, and hopelessly and sadly looks upon the crowd. They are smoking and spitting.

'An order came to repair the roads. True, one cannot travel on them, yet somehow, in a way, they were repaired.' Golosui thus unexpectedly reveals the negligence of the peasants in performing their duties.

But the audience is silent, expectant.

'Well, I see,' Golosui says touchingly, 'there will be complaints against me. Yet, comrades, I ask you to remember this: no one suffered because of me, neither for insurance nor for taxes, and I was not punished for anything by the Government either.' In an entirely peasant-like way Golosui finishes his report, pointing out in a masterly manner his escape from both sides — an accomplishment which is most highly esteemed by the peasants.

A moment of silence. Then the first orator, with the first stone raised for Golosui, steps forth.

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'Our honorable chairman' — he theatrically lifts his hand as if to swear — 'is a devil, not a chairman!' He then disappears in the crowd.

'Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! True! Correct!' is poured out from many throats. 'Down with him! Braggart! Bragging before the community: "See what a great man I am!" Well, well, down with him!'

'Truly so!' Another steps forth. 'We elect a man to serve us, but we could not even reach him. For a paper from him one had to wait until four o'clock in the afternoon. If you came to him later, he would n't sign it, not on any plea! "I have already put my pencil in my handbag!" Should you catch him on the road: "Comrade Predvol, sign this paper!" He: "Come to the office." Is there any need of this?'

'Please allow me also to say a word,' the next opponent says as he comes forward. 'He comes to me and says, "Give me a riding-horse, for I have to go on official business." I answer, "I will not. Take a team, if you wish, but a riding-horse, no!" "Oh, then you won't give it to me? Sign this!" "I 'll sign seven times, but I 'll not give you a riding-horse."'

'The roads were bad,' Golosui shouts from his seat. 'It was impossible to drive a team. It's much harder for a team on such roads.'

'Is that my concern? The law specifies a team, and you take a team. Don't you dare —' shouts the orator.

'No private conversations here!' warns the deputy-commissar. 'You, Golosui, may say all you wish in your final words.'

The audience is now red-hot and thunders against the poor predvol. He is too proud — not obsequious, not clever, or what not.

'Please allow us,' and several peasants come forward. 'We can say nothing against him. He signed papers during the regular office-hours. There was no delay. He wanted to introduce order. He treated us as he should.'

'In-deed!' booms a bass from the depths of the hall. 'In-deed — "as he should"! Let me, too, say a word!'

There rushes forward a giant muzhik, spreading his heavy hands and roaring with monstrous dignity.

'In-deed! Some he treated well. As for me, I can't say he treated me badly; he was always accommodating. He signed my papers all right and did everything wherever and whenever I caught him: on the road — he signed there; at home — at home; in the office, even though at night — in the office. In-deed! Because I told him every time, "If you don't want to, don't do it. Only then I will mash your face for you!"'

'Ho, ho, ho, ho! That's the way, Tiasto! He deserves it!' rages the crowd. 'Mash his face, and he then — signs!'

'What are you talking about?' a voice exclaims from the rear seats. 'Why do you jump upon Golosui? What harm has he done? That he wanted to train you in orderly methods; that you should not go to the office at any time, day or night, on business or on no business; that you go in office hours? And one has also to keep in mind that he had to make fifteen to twenty versts each day to serve papers, to distribute announcements and Government orders. . . . May God punish you!'

For a moment a feeling of compunction takes hold of the crowd. Then again a new play begins.

'Comrade deputy-commissar, allow me to bear witness that those who have come here to defend Golosui are, according to the Constitution, disfranchised citizens.'

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'How's that?' exclaims the deputy-commissar.

'That's so. The man who just spoke has no right to hold office or to vote, because he is a former policeman.'

'Stop your lying!' the same voice is heard to cry, and through the crowd presses a broad-shouldered, elderly peasant. 'When was I a policeman? Comrade deputy-commissar, they are talking about — well, what? In 1916 I came, wounded, from the front. I did not want to return: I have a large family. So I applied for the position of village constable — I don't deny that — but I was refused.'

'Correct,' scattered voices are heard to exclaim. 'There is nothing in it. He did not serve; we all know that.'

But the crowd fumes with anger and cruelly jumps anew upon the predvol, specifically emphasizing his lack of 'respect.'

'It is true,' the predvol says in his concluding words, 'I did not sign all papers. Many came to me with forged papers; some wanted a date to be changed; some wanted to show less land, some wanted to show more family members than they actually had; some wanted to bribe me — all such requests I declined. Let not those present tell of this; listen to some of the poor peasants or Red Army men. And I beg' — he turns to the deputy-commissar — 'that you postpone the elections until the poor peasants arrive, because out of two thousand peasants there are only sixty here, and these are almost all kulaki!'

'How's that? Kulaki? We kulaki? How do you dare, you son-of-a-gun, to call us kulaki? To court for such a word! Comrade deputy-commissar, we here are all proletarians, not kulaki. To court! . . . Bastard! . . . Braggart! . . . To court!'

The crowd is raving, gesticulating, pressing toward the speaker's desk. The deputy-commissar, dizzy from four hours of noise, abuse, and profanity, from tobacco smoke as thick as gruel and hanging in the air like a muddy bluish cloud, writes two resolutions: one for institution of a court procedure over the predvol, the other for a reprimand from the township.

'Vote! To vote! Let us vote!' roars the crowd. 'We will show him — the son-of-a-gun!'

'What are you doing?' asks someone. 'You are trampling on him for no cause!'

Golosui stands before the crowd like a wax candle, straight, pale. He also attempts to outshout the crowd: 'Well, what of that? Let it go at that, let an honest court judge me — what wrong have I done to anyone? Let me be judged. I, see, he —'

At the last moment, into the tumult comes the secretary of the voliacheiki [local of the Communist Party], who knows the psychology of peasant affairs and impulses.

'Be careful, comrades, if you want to indict Golosui. You should stand your ground; do not waver, and do not deny what you have said here. Here in the minutes is written down everything — who said what, and who demanded his indictment.'

The crowd is stunned. To commit a cruel deed it is entirely ready, but nobody wants to take the responsibility, and the heated crowd votes only a reprimand.

'Well, even this is enough for him,' several satisfied voices comment. 'Let him remember his township!'

Golosui, having hardly come to himself, growls in his corner like a hunted and terrified animal: 'All right. . . . It would have been better. I am not running away from a court. I would like very much to be judged by the court. . . . I would be

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much interested in this — What sort of bureaucrat am I?

But the crowd, having done with him, pays no more attention to him and begins to name candidates for the new soviet, to vote, and to make merry.

'Lukashenok? Good! Kind-hearted. Give him ten rubles and he will do and sign everything. Boys, let's elect him!'

'Do not elect Petr Parshuta — he has another man's wife.'

At the close of the election there remains no more than a quarter of the crowd. The others have either left on business or drifted away.

'Comrade deputy-commissar,' Golosui delicately touches his sleeve, — 'order them not to leave the meeting, for the new predvol has not been elected yet.'

'Oh yes!' The deputy-commissar wakes up. 'Comrades, don't leave, stay here! How many are here?'

Those present are counted. There are only seven newly elected members of the soviet and twenty electors in the hall.

'Well,' sighs the deputy-commissar, 'there is nothing to be done. Comrade Golosui, the election will have to be held on Sunday. Announce this to all in the township.'

'Oh, Father in Heaven!' Golosui's arms fall heavily, his hands striking the skirts of his coat. 'I shall have to visit again in two days' time all twenty-five villages, and on foot, for no one will give me a riding-horse or team now, no matter how I beg them. What shall I do?' And, dropping his head, the predvol falls into silence.

Peasant Russia — how cruel she is to her brothers, to her elect, to herself!

A VIOLINIST IN THE ORIENT

BY FRITZ KREISLER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, January* 1
(LIBERAL DAILY)

THE echoes of a tour through China and Japan which I undertook some months ago are still ringing in my ears, and before I set out again upon the journey across the Atlantic, after a short time in Germany, I am glad of the opportunity to set down the sum of the impressions that I received in the storied lands of the East.

Not from the standpoint of the investigator of conditions, but rather in an artistic nearness to the men with whom the artist so gladly comes in contact, not with the attitude of a mistrustful adventurer, but rather with a mind open to beauty and in quest of it, did I submit myself to these foreign nationalities and age-old cultures. From this standpoint I do not hesitate to make known my deep admiration for the intellectual life of the Far East.

Even if the keen intelligence of the Japanese and Chinese were not well known, it would nevertheless be instantly apparent to any European artist who comes into spiritual contact

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with them. A Western European finds an extraordinary charm in what we are likely to regard as a quality of the heart — I mean their fine tact in the common life of men together and the quickness of perception with which they treat one another and their foreign guests.

I hasten to admit that I am personally a great admirer of the refined forms of social life, and of ceremonial that is really sincere; but even crude natures coming from Western Europe to Eastern Asia will feel the charming lightness with which the game of life is played there, thanks to the friendliness and courtesy of the people, partly innate and partly taught. One hears no rudeness, traces no discourtesy, finds no irritation, feels no sense of hostile coolness, and yet one does not seem oppressed by an unnatural degree of politeness. One enjoys the bloom of a social culture that has been shaped and formed for centuries, and one thinks, not without regret, of Western Europe, where, quite the reverse, men so often make life unbearably dull because they have no technique of social existence and have not learned to control their temperaments.

The relations of the Japanese and Chinese to art in general, and to German art in particular, is of special interest. For several years both nations have been devoting themselves with especial enthusiasm to the comprehension of German music, and I may add that a field of action lies open to German art and German artists in the Far East which will in the future bear rich fruit. The manager of the Imperial Theatres in Tokyo, Mr. Yamamoto, is the prime embodiment of the aspirations of the Japanese people, who seek to make Western music their own and have sought to emulate its achievements at a distance. Each year Mr. Yamamoto arranges concert tours of

KREISLER, from an etching by Professor Emil Orlik. — *Der Welt Spiegel*

the most important European musicians, and it was at his invitation that, in addition to other engagements, I played each evening for a week in the Imperial Theatre at Tokyo. The house, which seats about twenty-five hundred persons, was sold out at every concert, and in the course of seven I presented all that is best in violin literature — so far as I have mastered it. The effect of my artistic efforts was so clear and of such inner strength as I have seldom experienced.

The music of the Chinese and Japanese is not for a European to discuss. There is a kind of nasal twang about it, and it lacks all the properties that form the very essence of a European composition — rhythm, harmony, and structure. All the greater are the demands which our European music places on the Oriental's capacity for understanding, and it is scarcely for me to say how broad or how deep a comprehension my Eastern hearers really achieved; but in the thousands of faces that looked up from a sea of white silk

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garments I saw a tension of the will, an effort to penetrate into a foreign world of tone, and a feeling of reverence for art as such. That the Chinese and Japanese do take pleasure in our music was proved, in my eyes, by the enthusiastic reception which I had at the end of every concert, quite after the European manner, and also by one very special experience.

In Peking I gave my first concert at the Embassy, and the audience which assembled consisted chiefly of the most prominent white residents. One morning a young Chinese appeared at my hotel, speaking excellent English but clearly belonging to the less exalted classes of the people, and said: 'We are informed that you are to play only for the foreigners, but we beg that you will give us also the pleasure of your art.' To such a wish I quite naturally was very glad to accede, and the very next afternoon I played Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms before an exclusively Chinese audience. Seldom have I been in society of such exquisite good manners.

In this and in other experiences I saw and felt that, quite apart from my own individuality, art and the artist were being honored; and I could see clearly that in both of the great States of the Far East art, the artist, and above all the intellectual life, are valued far more highly than in Europe. The writer, the philosopher, is regarded as a leader of the people, who, in Schiller's words, together with the political leader, directs mankind toward the heights. The artist is regarded as a man possessing a kind of mystic power which he has received and which he now gives out in turn. In the East gold is not the measure of all values as it is in Western Europe. One does not there look askance at an artist who has met with no pecuniary success, nor does one mock him as a useless member of human society.

In Kyoto an old man of no great outward distinction came to my first concert, treated with great deference and accompanied by other gentlemen. It was Count Otani, the chief intellectual dignitary of Japan, who is related to the Imperial family. Before the concert began he sought me out and begged permission to present me with two vases bearing poems that he himself had written, inscribed upon them. According to Japanese usage, this was an almost incredibly high honor. After the concert he visited me again, and invited me to visit the great temple. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the altar and the holy shrine, which are usually kept closed and are opened only to the eyes of artists; and equally indescribable is the sweet odor of the incense that was burned — in order to give pleasure to an artist. On my way out of the temple, I was led through an arch that is opened only on the rarest occasions, and was last used on the visit of the Prince of Wales. As Count Otani said good-bye to me he murmured: 'We wished to do honor to an artist.'

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THE REAL DOLL'S HOUSE

BY XIANE

From *Berlingske Tidende, January 6*.
(Copenhagen Conservative Daily)

Yesterday I learned how the real Nora of *A Doll's House* spent the rest of her life after the great dénouement in Ibsen's drama. To the question which has occupied the public mind for so many years, and which has been endlessly debated, I got an answer from the 'Larkbird' herself, the original of Ibsen's Nora, the authoress Laura Kieler, who to-day celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday.

Madame Kieler has become gray, but she still has her old charm, and her little home is still the doll's house which inspired the great writer. She looks surprisingly like Nina Grieg, whose compatriot she is. Alert and slender she is to this day, and despite the hard struggle she has passed through she has retained a pleasant smile and a remnant of the happiness of the young Nora in her early days.

'How did Ibsen happen to write his *Doll's House*, based on your life?' I asked the old lady. 'And how did he come to know you?'

'My acquaintance with Henrik Ibsen dates from my earliest youth. My father was superintendent of an estate in Tromsö, and I grew up in a period and in a place where the darkest Pietism held sway over the people's souls. When Ibsen's *Brand* was first published, I was a witness to the effect this drama had in our locality, as elsewhere in Norway. It caused many people to become insane.

'Though I was only eighteen years old, I wrote a book, *The Daughters of Brand*, a fuller treatment of the religious problems in *Brand*. I dedicated it to Henrik Ibsen.

'That was the beginning of our acquaintance. Ibsen replied to me in a letter wherein he wrote that it was not at all the religious problems in *Brand* that had interested him, only their psychological effect on the characters in the book.

'He asked me to come and meet him in Copenhagen, where he was going for a visit in the summer of 1870. . . . Ibsen was pleasantly surprised when he saw me. I was a twenty-year-old girl. He had expected to meet a bluestocking. At once he christened me the "Larkbird," and the name stuck.

'The next winter I was invited to visit Ibsen and his wife at their home in Dresden.'

'Was Ibsen happy in his home?'

'As happy as a man with his nature could be. He regarded his wife very highly. His affection for her was the origin of the great respect for women which permeates all his works. From that time our friendship continued uninterrupted, and when I was married to School Superintendent Kieler, Ibsen visited my home, which he named the "Doll's House."'

'Was it on the basis of a real event in your life that Ibsen wrote his play?'

'Yes. Ibsen wrote his *Doll's House* about a tragic event in my life,' answered Madame Kieler, and a veil of sadness passed over her eyes. 'My experience was similar to that of Nora. My husband was ill, and to save him I contracted, without his knowledge, cer-

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tain debts. When this was discovered, various enemies I had made among the then all-powerful Brandes Party, by writing Nationalistic articles, utilized the opportunity to spread the rumor that I had written falsehoods, which I had not done.

'These rumors reached Ibsen, and he wrote *A Doll's House* as a sort of defense of me. But, being based on untruthful reports, the drama had the opposite effect. Those were hard years for me. The Larkbird had a difficult time.'

The real Nora did not leave home. It was not done in those days. One stayed, and Madame Kieler also stuck to her post, but she had to work hard to earn the money to cover her debts, and in that she succeeded also.

'Did your husband take the same attitude as Helmer?'

'Yes, for a while. He was Ibsen's model for the character of Helmer. It was hard to bear, and still harder when *A Doll's House* became a success and all of Denmark and Norway knew that I was the model for Nora. I can say that *A Doll's House* cast a dark shadow over my life for many years. The first one publicly to contradict Ibsen was Camilla Collet. She demanded that he should exonerate me.

'But Ibsen was dependent on the party which opposed me, and he did not do it. We were no longer friends, Ibsen and I, after that. Only three or four years before his death did I speak to him again in Christiania. When he heard how much harm *A Doll's House* had caused me, and how the story really worked out, he wept. From that day he bestowed on me a paternal affection.'

The life of the real Nora went on in a quite different manner from any ever guessed as to the future of the character in the play. The real Nora was not a child, and, prematurely developed, her later life was for a great part occupied with an unselfish battle for the national cause of our own country, the delivery of Northern Schleswig.

She took up the battle both for life and for her country. She earned for herself a position both at home and abroad, and her house became a great and happy home, the meeting-place of many persons interested in national or artistic affairs.

Although born in Norway, Laura Kieler has Danish blood in her veins, and she has spent her life in interpreting the case for Northern Schleswig both in writing and by word of mouth. For her books, especially *Thy People Shall Be My People*, which has greatly aided the case of Northern Schleswig, she deserves sincere thanks. In recognition of her work, the United Northern Schleswig Societies have elected her an honorary member. It was consistent with her feelings that in reply to my question as to what joy life has recently brought her she answered: 'My greatest joy I experienced when we got Northern Schleswig back. Otherwise my children are my principal cause for happiness. Now I am tired,' she concluded with a smile.

The 'Larkbird' has a right to be tired, after life has put so many years on her wings.

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SALONIKI

BY MARCELLE TINAYRE

[Mme. Marcelle Tinayre is a well-known French novelist who has won a degree of success with bourgeois readers by dexterously contriving to shock them just as much as they like, and no more. Most of her books are cleverly built around some philosophical theory, though in the present article she casts both fiction and philosophy aside.]

From *L'Illustration, December* 15
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

THERE she stands forever — Saloniki, the 'coveted city,' crouching on the edge of the hill, and touching the sea with her feet. Sailors coming up the Gulf see her just as I did seven years ago, rising like a white pyramid and crowned with old towers, from which the plane trees scattered through the ruins of the fortress emerge like a dark aigrette.

Saloniki still has her wax-colored minarets and black cypress trees placed here and there among her terraces and roofs. Between the yellowish slopes of the Hortiach and the greenish blue of her great roadstead, under the pale sky, which the sun seems to consume in the humid atmosphere of a melting summer, the city must still surge up in the distance like the Saloniki of 1916, the rendezvous of fleets and armies. But since then fire has passed that way, the old-time enemy of Eastern cities. The whole French quarter, the quays, the stores, the markets, the hotels, the banks, Byzantine churches, mosques, thousands of houses, rich and poor, stone and wood, have all disappeared in a blaze that would have delighted the heart of Nero. Gone is the old bazaar, gone the Place de la Liberté, where the French bands used to play, and where the revolutionary processions used to pass. Gone forever the Bastasini restaurant and gone the Floca pastry shop. Gone, too, are the Olympos Club and the Splendid, and the marble landing-stage, hammered by the boats, besieged by tossing barks.

In the memory of the soldiers of the *Armée d'Orient* these names stand for characteristic and familiar landmarks, without which Saloniki is not Saloniki. Now they have built up new houses on a new plan, and reconstructed the buildings which are the essential organs of a great city, yet the city, given up to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, still remains just as it was in the time of Saint Paul, 'the Mother of Macedonia.' For many Frenchmen who will never see the city's face as it is to-day, made up with new plaster and pink paint, the Saloniki of the days before the fire, the Saloniki that they loved and sometimes cursed, will stand forever changeless in their memories.

During that cruel summer of 1916, the night, like a black furnace, kept up the work of the white brazier which was the day. It was 91° F. at midnight in the middle of the harbor. Mosquitoes hung like a deadly cloud over the low-lying, swampy shore, and above the threat of Zeppelins and aeroplanes lay upon the dark-enveloped city. One could barely make out amid the depths of the darkness, half seen over the waters, a few winking sparks of green and red, and a few shuddering and

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broken reflections. An odor of stirred-up slime and stagnant waste came up from the water, which beat feebly against the marble quay. A dog barked. The pace of the night watchman sounded down a little street. A patrol passed and vanished in the distance. Silence.

Sleep was painful inside the rooms, under the mosquito netting, — a feverish sleep, far different from the complete and refreshing rest one finds in the cool nights of other seasons and other climes, — a sick man's sleep in hot barracks, a soldier's sleep in the suffocating shelter of a tent, a sleep full of dreams and memories and troubled images, which brings no deliverance to the soul from the weight of homesickness and exile, the sleep of people who belong nowhere and have no home, the sleep of those who live from door to door during the day and at night sleep on the great cracked and disjointed slabs of stone, still warm from the sunlight they have drunk up.

A bell sounds close at hand. I open my eyes in the darkness and see the shadows of the room dissolving in a grayish vapor. The last little mouse that has been nibbling under the dreadful green canopy scampers away into its hole. On the wall the portraits of King Constantine and Queen Sophie become two phantoms which have not yet achieved definite outlines. Pale streaks creep through the shutters. A four o'clock sunrise is touching the windows outside with a light finger, and this is the only moment when the heavy drapery of the season is lifted for an instant and when the city may have the illusory hint of coolness that comes with this pallor which is not yet light.

I welcome you, long-hoped-for freshness, milky dimness between the open blinds in this chamber which the terrible sun will soon devour. I go out on the balcony to breathe as one gulps down water after an exhausting race, but the phantom water disappears, the warmish air outside undeceives me.

A street runs underneath my window — a deep, narrow excavation between lofty buildings, closed on the right by a hill surmounted with minarets, opening on the left out over the clear gap of sky and sea. The distant line of terraced roofs colors a little, the sky turns linen-gray, an azure twilight gently fills the little street, submerges the sleepers on the paving stones, and drowns the lower story of the houses, where the green shades wink like blinking eyelids vaguely dazzled by the day. At the end of the street, in a long slash already illumined by the sun, the Niki quay — abandoned, moist, and mauve; a bit of the harbor, celestial blue, boats in white-and-black and red, each with its motionless double plunging beneath it into the unstirring water. Spars and ropes etched in gray, dead funnels, smoke-colored warships — not a living figure.

To the right over the hill the minarets surge upward from the terraces and take on the color of pink jacinth. The reflection of an invisible flame touches the pallor of the sky; then voices, and some steps. These are the Greek fishermen, with baggy breeches, carrying long oars over their shoulders and holding each his little iron anchor. The oars and the anchor have the same form that they had in the first century of the Christian era, and the boats which are waiting for the men are duplicates of those that took Saint Paul from Asia Minor to Chalcidice — big barks like half a nutshell, ornamented with monstrous fish-eyes painted on each side.

Nineteen centuries. I forget the cruisers and the passenger boats, as I forget the minarets on the hill — modern war and the mark of Islam on the city's forehead. The passing of

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these sailors with their anchors and their tackle in the dim bluish light of early dawn stirs thousand-year-old images, yet scarcely different in many a detail from those which rise with each dawn before my eyes. Costumes have changed, but not the faces and the gestures, various objects, certain professional ceremonies, and the minds — Oriental minds, steeped in paganism, strangers to all those religious and moral ideas by which our Occident still lives.

Why, if the Apostle landed at the wharf to-day he would find them almost in their ancient form; and if he were tired or hungry, after his long and stormy sea voyage, he would find some familiar friends among the poor people — perhaps this peasant who comes down the street leading by a halter a little ass, loaded with two goatskin bottles. Roused by the footsteps of man and beast, the sleepers waken, yawning, stir, and rise, half-naked in their parti-colored rags. They hold out bits of money toward the graybeard, who stops, takes a tin cup, and with a gesture of immemorial age allows the creamy milk to trickle out of the swollen bottle.

A cool morning — relatively cool, that is, for the thermometer marks only about 104° in the shade. From eight to ten you can walk the street, if you keep out of the sun, without risking death by sunstroke; and at these hours the streets are swarming with people — with all that composite, international, variegated throng which will vanish toward noon, to reappear as the torrid day declines. Before we leave the crooked alleys beyond the French quarters, we must pass through the bazaar.

The bazaar! A magic word — but alas, it is only a trap for boobies, an arsenal of rubbish. The first comers of the Expeditionary Forces bought up all the interesting objects: the Damascene scimitars, the Montenegrin vests, the Serbian tinware, the Macedonian girdles in turquoise-studded silver, the embroideries and the fine carpets. All that is left — and very expensive it is — is an extraordinary jumble worthy of the courtyard of the Temple, an assemblage of ugliness calculated only to tempt savages, which, nevertheless, our gallant but naïve fellows will fetch home with them as 'souvenirs of the Orient.'

The bazaar is covered over and protected by scaffolding, through which the sunbeams pass, and among the crisscrossing alleyways are luminous corners where the light of heaven is filtered through trellised vines and flowerless glycine. The great stores of the principal artery — jewelers, moneychangers, cloth merchants, antiquarians — are arranged after the European fashion, but the more modest booths, narrow and ill-lighted, kept by feverish yellow children or majestic old men, always a little dirty, still offer beautiful effects to the painters. The effects, to tell the truth, are not so much Turkish as Jewish, like the city itself, where the Greek and Macedonian element represents a trifling proportion of the population.

The Jewish community, driven from Aragon in the sixteenth century, settled in Saloniki, where it has never ceased to grow and multiply. The Turks always showed themselves less anti-Semitic than the Greeks. They let the Jews of Saloniki grow rich and troubled them with no competition, because 'business' — that is to say, the manipulation of other people's money — is forbidden or at least not favored by the Koran, which prohibits taking pledges and receiving interest. Nevertheless the agreement between the masters of the sword and the masters of the gold, between the *koniak* and the

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money bench, was disturbed in the seventeenth century. A cabalist and a charlatan, a kind of Simon the Magician, passed himself off as the Messiah for whom Israel still waits and will be waiting to the end of time.

Sabbetaï Seví struck the fancy of the Israelitish throng to such an extent that the Sublime Porte was disturbed. An envoy of the Sultan requested the pretended Messiah to make a choice between the bowstring and recantation. Sabbetaï Seví, not quite sure that he was divine after all, chose to recant, and with great courage became a Mussulman. His disciples followed his example by hundreds, but neither the Prophet nor his disciples gave Mohammed anything more than words and gestures. They had Mussulman tongues but Israelitish hearts. Under the shelter of the turban and the fez, beneath a Turkish name worn as a mask, they remained what they always were and what they still are. Their women cover themselves with the *tcharchaf*, their children learn to read the Koran, their young men enter Government offices, — sometimes, though more rarely, the army, — but when they are twelve years old these *deunmehs*, or converts, receive the revelation of their secret or Hebrew names. They are initiated into the mysterious rites established by Sabbetaï Seví. They learn the whereabouts of that famous hidden temple which is said to be in old Saloniki, which neither Christian nor Moslem has ever approached.

The double faith makes double souls, and this age-long imposture behind true Mussulman beards prepares conspirators and revolutionists. The deunmehs of to-day, affiliated with Free Masonry, instructed in Occidental universities, often professing total atheism, have given leaders to the Young Turk revolution. Talaat Bey, Djavid Bey, and many other members of the Committee of Union and Progress were deunmehs from Saloniki. Long ago the great Turkish families were split in twain, one party being these modern Turks who deal with the foreigner, and these *hanoums* — who walk the streets with unveiled faces and set young officers, if they have been reading Pierre Loti, to dreaming — bear in their faces proof enough of their lineage.

The Jews who have remained faithful to their traditions are far more numerous. They inhabit a huge quarter which has no resemblance to an Occidental ghetto. They preserve the Judeo-Spanish dialect and the customs of their ancestors. In the obscure depths of the bazaar these old men in their fur coats show heads which are noble or sordid — Abrahams or Shylocks — and which a single stray sunbeam may transform into living pictures from Rembrandt. The women, in skirts of rustling silk, each with a velvet bolero wide open on a guimpe of lace, are wearing black toques, from which gay scarfs of acid green fall down the back like hair. To see them in groups, one might mistake them for a flock of parrots, with long slender tails the color of a clear emerald, of an unripe apple, of dazzling jade, of a snake, and of leaves; and all these green heads bob about, gleam, stir in the sunlight, and vanish again in the shadow of an alleyway.

The sun, which rains down through the open roof, illumines the scarlet fez of a passer-by, touches with silver the wool of a black-turbaned shepherd, and sets blues and reds shooting across military uniforms. It covers with dancing spangles the dreadful painted and embroidered velvets, the carpet of shaggy jute on the ground, and the cotton handkerchiefs on which one sees, beneath an array of flags, inscriptions like 'To the glory of the Allies,' '*Vive l'Entente*,' or perhaps King Ferdinand

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of Rumania on horseback, Napoleon at Saint Helena, a few King Constantines, and many Venizeloses. . . .

Saloniki is the crossroads of the races, and the Place de la Liberté is the heart of Saloniki. The Allied arms have brought seventeen peoples together in this Macedonian crucible, where Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, Vlachs, Turks, and Jews were already mingled although never mixed, retaining each his type, his language, his ambitions, and his hatreds. The foundation of the throng, the primeval element, seems to be the Salonikan Jew, frail, feverish, the son of an ancient race that here at least has been exhausted by malaria. Greek officers wearing dolmans of white cloth, and their fat, placid wives with fine, black eyes, Englishmen scantily clad in khaki shirts open nearly to the pit of the stomach and breeches hardly any bigger than bathing-trunks, Frenchmen dressed in horizon blue or brown, Serbs heroically suffocating in the pillory of a military collar, gray-green Italians, Albanians with huge moustaches, turbaned Hindus, Anamites with pointed caps, Australians with large, turned-up felt hats, nurses with their veils floating out over their black cloaks, the beauties of the city, dressed in the latest Paris mode, with skirts and openwork shoes clasping heavy ankles — all this various world, which jostles, and eyes, and chatters, and bandies from ear to ear the pretended great news of the day, becomes suddenly still in a nervous pause and in impatient silence when the motor of the Commander-in-Chief thrusts its way through the living throng opening before it, and again when suddenly the notes of the Marseillaise ring out.

On the bridge of a French warship the trumpets sounding 'To the Colors' reply to the echo of fanfares on shore. The wind catches the sounds and whisks them away into the twilight. Slowly the flag descends, the red and green lights begin to gleam, more little boats begin to thread their way across the harbor, like water spiders. The peaceful sea scarcely breaks the reflection of the sky. . . .

We shall pass on, we whom chance has cast up here, and others will come in our place. Other peoples will plant their tents from Sédès to Zeitenlik, and the people of Saloniki, learned in the tales of their fathers, will keep through days to come, as they keep to-day, secretly within their houses, all the flags of all the nations, ready to run them up, as occasion offers. History is an eternal rebeginning in the ancient Orient where it first began.

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LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER

BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

From the *Manchester Guardian*
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

I SHOULD never have heard the queer story of the Harty family and the pair of tragic boots if I had not asked the Ballyneaty cobbler — the one the children said was a real leprechaun — if it was true that every cobbler knows his own stitches, no matter on what unexpected feet he finds them.

'It is as true as God's own truth,' replied the leprechaun, and forthwith he told me the whole story of old Matthew Harty and his twin sons. And it was what you might call the 'cork sole' of the story he was telling me, he said, for was n't it his own sister, Delia Harty, that got spliced to Mat, and did n't he make boots for the three men, and they took the smallest size in boots that was ever seen on three workingmen!

'And, musha,' said the leprechaun, 'was n't Delia the fool not to see what she was in for when she married an old widowman, with his face cut up in two allotments, the top end of it being let to the Angel Gabriel and the bottom end to Old Nick! If you was to draw a winding sheet up to Mat Harty's old nose you'd say the upper half of him belonged to his Holiness Pope Innocent; and if you were to cover his brows and eyes with his cap you'd ketch a good hoult of your blackthorn stick after one look at the gob and jaw of him.

''T was n't only the Angel Gabriel and Old Nick that was in at the farming of him neither, for the Papal end of him was cultivated by James Harty, the elder twin, and the other half was let to Peter, and they were like two bailiffs in possession of the man: when James was n't in it Peter was, and whatever son was in it old Harty took after him, till me sister used say she never set eyes on old Mat himself.

'Mat Harty had a grand little farm at Clonboy, by the side of the Clogher railway line, and the boys lived with the women they'd wed on the other side of the line. And the two boys worked on the railway line, and they used to cross over the line to visit the father, turn an' turn about, greasin' in with the old man, the one ag'in the other, for to leave 'em the farm when old Mat was gone. And whatever one was in it at the time Mat would swear away the farm to, and when he come around again after the turn he had he'd swear it away to the other. But they could n't get him to make his will.

'He was a very savin' man, was old Harty, and he'd buy a roll of homespun for to make suits for himself and the two boys, and he'd get me sister to make up the suits, for she was a dressmaker by trade before she married old Mat. There was scarcely a pin's head o' differ in the cut of the three suits; but after she got to know Peter well she'd l'ave an odd pin or two in his clo'es, and she'd put a scratchy linin' in under his arms and the places the linin's would ketch him in.

'Well, as long as James was in it old Harty was like a pet lamb about the place, bringin' the wife her breakfish in the bed; and him and James said a woman was like an angel in the house,

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and they'd ate whatever she'd give 'em and mind whatever she said. And they'd drink buckets o' buttermilk, like a couple of young sukey-calves. And of an evenin' they would lull her off to her sleep with their prayers risin' up to Heaven through the cracks of her bedroom floor. And James'd say that Peter made a beast of his dear old father, and the old man'd cry like a little child and say it was true for James.

'But when Peter was in it, himself and the father went drinkin' porther all day an' all night, and went to bed in their boots. They would n't rise up of a mornin' either, but let a roar from their beds, and she should bring 'em up their breakfish on a tray. And whatever me sister would say, they would make game of the woman, and whatever she set before 'em Peter'd throw out to the pigs.

'Whenever she knew he was comin' she'd hide the dairy butter in under the thatch till he was gone; for he was a Beauty-boy, was Peter, and bathed his face in a stupe of the elder-flowers that grew on the old elder-tree beside the old man's door; and he'd cut off a half a pound of the butter for to rub on his golden hair; and Peter would say that James was makin' a mollycoddle of his dear old father, that was n't half the man he used be in the dear old days; and Mat Harty would say, "That's God's own truth, Peter!" and they would go fightin' each other to prove the fine fellers they were, and me sister'd run out to the neighbors till they'd broke every stick in the place.

'Well, one pitch-dark night I was settin' in Flannigan's public, that's on the road alongside the railway line at Clonboy — and we heard a train clonkin' along, and then there was shouts, and the brakes jammed down. And lights flashed out, and the women were screechin' — so the whole of us ran to the place.

''T was a man got caught by the train, crossing over the line to Clonboy, and the only bit of him left that *looked* like a man was the two feet left in the boots. They said 't was a stranger gentleman, for the feet was the smallest feet they ever seen on a man; and when I heard that I asked for a loan of the boots, and I turned 'em around in me hand. Then says I, "The soles is cobbled by me," I says. "It is one of the Harty boys, and I'm nearly sure 't is James." For I noticed the right foot was trod down on the outside, for James was very heavy on the right. But as I remembered that me sister was sayin' they were expectin' James Harty that night, it come back to me that when Peter'd a month of weighty drink in under his skin he came down stomping on the right foot too. And the last few times I seen Peter he had drink in him.

'Well, the old chap'd gone to meet James that night, and I knew me sister'd be alone. So I took a piece of the homespun sleeve to see could she tell me which of the two it was; and "This is a bit of the itchy linin' I put in Peter's coat," says she. "But how would I know which one of 'em was wearin' it, for when they worked on the line they'd make a heap of the two coats, and as often as not James'd go off with Peter's, for there was n't scarcely a pin's head o' differ between the two."

'Then old Harty come in, and if he had n't walked the whole way to James's house to meet him! But James was gone, and when he went on to Peter's, be jabers, if Peter was n't missin' too!'

'What happened?' I asked, with a catch in my voice.

'They never turned up from that hour to this,' said the leprechaun. 'And whether it was Peter followed James along the line, knowin' well the up-train was due, or whether James

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took an evil start, and riz the hand ag'in his brother, I could n't rightly say.

'But Timsy the smith was sayin' he was passin' the Fairies' Rath at Dunloe, and he seen a wild-lookin' chap that had something the cut of James Harty growed very like his brother; or else a chap that had the cut of Peter growed like James; and the feller crawled in on his belly through the little hole in the side of the rath. And when Timsy went up to the place what 'd he find but a sprig of fresh elder-flower dropped outside! And there was the print of two small feet alongside of it — and the right foot was sunk heavier in the clay than the left.' . . .

The leprechaun shook his head.

'But anyway,' he said, 'me sister will have it the egg with the double yolk is gone, and the addled egg is preserved. And every night of her life she puts the dairy-butter up under the thatch for fear Peter 'll come back and go seeking it for to put a shine on his golden hair. And old Harty sets there — sayin' nothin' — doin' nothin' — like the shell of an ould hermit-crab, waitin' for the crab to come back.'

THE POPULAR MAGAZINES

BY A. N. M.

From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly, January* 11
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL WEEKLY)

I DON'T often read our popular magazines, — having some aspiration to be what is called a highbrow, — but occasion brought two of them within my scope the other day and, looking at them carelessly, I became interested and even absorbed.

It would n't be quite fair, perhaps, to say which magazines they were, and, besides, I am not very well up in the law of libel. They are obviously good properties, ably conducted, and free from certain kinds of what is commonly described as objectionable matter. Yet I found them disconcerting, alarming; I did n't like them at all. The point that strikes me is their extreme efficiency in vulgar inanity. They are really very well done. Their stories — and they are largely composed of stories — are dreadfully readable if you like to fall back on your idiotic plane, and the illustrations are clever and competent within their enfeebling limitations. But it is n't all stories. The magazines touch brightly on science, political anecdote, social affairs, sport, and their editors are always on the lookout for novelties.

They do reflect something of the world's activities, and they deal with them in the spirit of an advertisement agent.

Of course these magazines are crammed with advertisements, and these are made as readable as possible and illustrated by very much the same sort of people as those who illustrate the stories. Advertisement is now a great industry in this country, and

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good brains are occupied in it. Many of those who write advertisements are quite capable of writing editorial matter for the magazines, and probably the story-writers sometimes condescend to write advertisements. The two occupations have a good deal in common, and I dare say that the writers of advertisements are commonly the better paid. The object is to give the public what it wants, or what it thinks it wants, or what it may be induced to think it wants. And the public is ready to accept anything that is lively and easy.

In a recent issue of the *Adelphi* magazine, which is of a very different type from those I am discussing, there is an interesting article by Mr. Charlie Chaplin, who has made the remarkable discovery that if you want to succeed on the great scale you must n't give the public what it likes but what you like. It is a discovery worth making or worth remaking. Mr. Chaplin is, of course, an artist, and he finds that if you go on repeating and watering down the effects that have given you success it leads to failure; in his case it would be, I suppose, to comparative failure. But if you trust to your own individuality or to your interpretation of somebody's else you can succeed.

It is a lesson that many a theatrical manager has never mastered. In the theatre they commonly follow in the wake of Mr. Crummles, who knew, or thought he knew, what the public wanted; for instance, that in a terrific combat a little 'un must beat a big 'un. Can he have been mistaken? It is sad to think of the lore, the tradition of the ages becoming obsolete. Old theatre-goers could give you instances of actors or managers who have played things out, persisted in a type of play that was outworn. Some of us may remember how the great vogue of the Kendals suffered eclipse because they would persist in inanities like *The Queen's Shilling* and *The Ironmaster*, or how Mr. Bourchier tired us out with his strong men who did a lot of peremptory telephoning. The theatrical public does find out sometimes that it is getting bored.

But the magazine public? Is it a different one? Experience of the magazines seems to falsify what I have said of the theatre. In these we go on perpetually with stale old material which is merely brisked up by current discovery or invention. The telephone, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the wireless have all been pressed into service, but the hero, the fair lady, the criminal intervening go on forever, and the best we can do is to appeal to what Mr. Shaw calls 'cinema-fed romanticism.' On these low levels ritual and tradition are very strong, and magazine-readers generally must be on a low level intellectually, though sometimes they may be seeking a relief or refuge from strenuous work.

The magazine has a false air of being up to date by means of copying the superficial manifestations of new things; in literature and art it is hopelessly antiquated, outworn. As Oscar Wilde said of Sir Walter Besant, it seems to have exhausted the obvious. If you don't see these magazines for months or years and return to them you find that they are where they were; they are without beauty or spirit, they are impervious to artistic ideas. Of course there must be exceptions sometimes even in the worst of them. Eminent writers lend a hand, induced, perhaps, in part by high rates of pay and in part by the consideration that a wide public may be reached; and the eminent writers frequently succeed in producing poor stuff.

Yes, there are exceptions, and you could collect from these despicable magazines material that would seem to

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make my comments unjust. I don't think they are unjust. Our popular magazines represent a great prostitution of talent, a reckless degradation of readers, a display of national imbecility, a drag on the human spirit. Perhaps they are not worse than those of some other nations; they may be a necessary evil or — and here is their line of defense — they may be better than utter vacuity. It is, perhaps, a question of proportion, and I will say, with studied mildness and moderation, that there is too much of them. We tolerate them too easily, we don't ridicule them enough. We buy them and read them, we give them to ardent young people to read on long railway journeys, though it would be far better for them to look out of the window.

Of course the magazines have a famous figure or two to their credit. Or is it only one? Is it only Sherlock Holmes? Mr. Chesterton in alluding to the great company of Dickens figures — Sam Weller, Micawber, Sairey Gamp, and the rest — says that the more modern literature has produced but one to put beside them in popular estimation, and that this is Sherlock Holmes. I suppose he is the greatest success of the magazines. I confess to reading Sherlock Holmes. I think it is all a fine joke, a humorous conception. Incorporated in the joke are these episodes or stories that sometimes give you an unhealthy excitement, a crude thrill. I can't read much of them without feeling degraded. But I 'm a highbrow. I should like to be one. Anyhow, I think our magazines as a whole do us no credit.

There are some to which these remarks do not apply. But how few!

MAN AND BEAST

BY ALGOL

From the *Morning Post, December* 20
(Tory Daily)

A cynic is reported to have said that the more he saw of his friends the better he liked his dog. If he was one of the rare beings who allow a dog to be a dog and do not insist on it being a monstrous parody of themselves he was probably right. It is more probable that his dog was a repulsive, hang-tail creature that fawned on him when he kicked it — a privilege denied him by his friends — and rolled a protuberant eye for biscuits, and slept in a basket; in a word, a dog that realized that its master prized it only as an adjunct of himself, and slavishly tried to follow his thoughts, flatter his egotism, and emulate all his objectionable habits.

To anybody with a sane outlook on life the man in an animal is only a shade less repulsive than the animal in man. For some years I was owned — and, on the whole, very well treated — by a high-class dog, who, at the outset, outlined with admirable clarity the basis upon which our relationship was to rest. 'I am quite willing,' he told me, 'to keep cats out of the garden and bite the gas man, and even to allow

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you to pretend to beat me when someone has sneaked in and dug a hole in the Mistress's crocus bed. But understand once and for all that I will not "ask for it" or sham dead or balance biscuits on my nose. Still less will I be referred to as "almost human," or have it said that I can "do anything but talk." How would you like me to tell the bull terrier at No. 7 that you are almost canine? Why, all the dogs in the neighborhood would be laughing up their collars at you.'

Well, I never told anybody that Fubsy was almost human, but, on the contrary, insisted that he was quite the doggiest dog I ever met. As a result the dogs of the neighborhood always treated me with respect, and finally made me an honorary member of the Buried-Bone Club.

Now Fubsy is educating an English family in the South of France, and when I want to have a quiet afternoon with the higher animals I go to the Zoo. Walt Whitman declares in some poem or other that he likes animals because they are not everlastingly worrying about the state of their souls. They have no souls, nothing to worry about, no past to live down, no future to fear, no ideals to live up to. Life to them is one long present, for Time, the enslaver, has never overtaken them.

I think that more sentimental nonsense is talked and written about animals by people who ought to know better than about anything — even Free Trade. A famous novelist goes to the Zoo and sees the lion looking out into space, looking past his prison bars, and past the novelist's sympathetic expression and becoming spring hat, to the rolling veldt or the impenetrable jungle, or wherever else the novelist thinks lions come from. How sad to see the noble beast sitting there, like a captive king, longing for freedom, longing for the leonine equivalent of the lobster life, for a nice Kafir steak or a haunch of prime zebra — longing, in a word, just the sort of longings that would afflict the mind of a captive novelist who had been clapped in a cage in the middle of the Congo Forest and was wishing he was back in the Savage Club.

Now the quite simple reason why the lion looks past you into space is that in his world well-bred people do not look at each other unless they are on speaking terms. The young lions in the Dublin Zoo that were born in captivity, and know no more about the rolling veldt than they do about roly-poly pudding, look past you into space, and old Flood, who has forgotten more about lions than all the other lion-keepers ever will know, looks past you into space too.

It is simply the common convention of the feline world. I have observed that human beings who habitually live on a high intellectual plane, like Chinamen and Dons, and policemen, are very apt to do the same thing. When I go into the lion house at the Zoo I always fix my eye on a spot on the wall eighteen inches above the lion's left ear. He appreciates my strict observance of the decencies, though he has no way of showing it, and if he were to escape I am quite sure he would pass me by with his eye fixed eighteen inches beyond my third waistcoat-button and devour someone else who had not been so particular.

Not that I tarry long among the larger Felidæ, for they are not a chatty lot. There is a sort of Athenæum Club smack about them. I prefer the Savage Club atmosphere of the Parrot House or even the moving, colorful Limehouse-cum-National Liberal Club scene that makes the Bandar Logs' pavilion so popular.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A POPLAR ON A WET NIGHT

BY HONOR F. LEEKE

[*Poetry Review*]

A Poplar turns over his silver
And counts it in the rain.
For fear lest a bat should pilfer
His wealth, he turns over his silver
Again and again,
With the moan of a miserly soul in pain.
A Poplar turns over his silver
And counts it in the rain.

SPRING IN LONDON

BY W. R. HUGHES

[*Little Journeys into the Heavenly Country*]

Railings for hedgerows, lamps for trees,
For hills, the tenements grim;
To a London lad we offer these —
What can March mean to him?
The Spring that breaks in dell and wood
'Comes slowly up' his way;
The smell of something very good,
But very far away.

Yet still she sparkles in his eyes,
And moves his shoeless feet;
Whispers to him, and 'Bill,' he cries,
'I 'll race you down the street.'

ROBIN

BY H. H. BASHFORD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

O Robin with the bright brown eye
And ear a-cock for clink of spade,
Do you suppose I cannot spy
The reason you 're so unafraid?

Nay, Robin dear, full well I know
Where souls of jolly gardeners go,
And snug within whose cheerful breast
Remind us still that they know best.

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THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MARCEL PROUST

THREE posthumous novels are soon to complete the work of Marcel Proust, the brilliant French practitioner of the 'stream of consciousness' novel, whose work is carried on in modern English literature by Miss Dorothy Richardson and Mr. James Joyce. Proust will escape the fate — at which his fastidious soul would have revolted — of having unfinished manuscripts added to or altered after his death by another hand. Twenty big notebooks in the novelist's handwriting, with the interminable alterations, insertions, and additions which give his writing its almost tedious perfection, are left behind, and the word *Fin* is traced in his own hand at the end of the last page.

In 1917, nearly six years before his death, Proust confided to a friend, '*Il y a longtemps que tout est fini*,' but, though Émile Henriot declares in *Le Temps* that the five years from 1914 to 1919 mean very little in Proust's literary life, it is probable that he was writing again shortly before his death.

The twenty notebooks Marcel Proust left behind when he died, seven of which are already published in the three volumes of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, contain the second part of his life-work. Before he died Proust sent his publisher nine hundred pages of manuscript, which he had himself corrected, and which represented the contents of notebooks eight to twelve. This is just appearing in Paris in two volumes under the title, *La Prisonnière*. Later the remaining eight notebooks are to be published as two more novels, one under the title, *Albertine disparue*, and the other under the title, *Temps retrouvé*. *La Prisonnière* links itself directly to the concluding volume of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, and describes — with the characteristic, all-involving minuteness of Proust's psychology — the marriage of the hero, Marcel, and Albertine. Proust himself once observed: 'The story of a hesitating fiancé and of a shattered marriage would correspond to these two volumes in about the same way as the summary of a competent critic might give us the subject matter of an Ibsen play.'

Inevitably other characters from Proust's earlier novels reappear, among them the extraordinary Baron de Charlus, the writer Bergotte, and the members of the Verdurin Salon.

A pathetic interest attaches to the description of Bergotte's death, in which Proust observes that nature would permit only short sicknesses which would cure themselves, '*mais la médecine s'est annexé l'art de les prolonger*.' Proust, as is well known, spent invalid years, and the enforced leisure of a sick bed doubtless accounts in part for the ordinary detail by which he has become famous, though critics who seek to trace his illness in his work are likely to go a little too far. Bergotte's death is the passage which Proust is said to have wished to correct with his own hand when he felt himself to be dying, in order to give a few new touches, drawn from his own last experiences, to the deathbed of his character.

*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON AND A PARISIAN CRITIC

FRENCH literary men are not always so overjoyed at the by no means subtle compliment of imitation as the guileless American author is prone to imagine. Our embattled regiments of

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Yankee novelists pressing fearlessly forward to slay at the pen point that race of fossilized critics popularly supposed to play dragon to the Andromeda of American literature do not greatly interest the Frenchman; and as for 'literary freedom' — a term variously interpreted to mean anything and everything — the French writer has so much of it that he fails entirely to comprehend all the fuss that is made over it. He is even likely to be a little distressed because his imitators, so eager to adopt the freedom of the French novel, are less concerned to borrow the incomparable sense of form and the feeling for style that are the signs manual of French literature.

All this is the moral — though, be it said, it is a very delicately concealed moral — of sundry comments by M. Charles Le Verrier in *L'Europe Nouvelle*. M. Le Verrier, alas, must needs make, in the manner approved of the school whom he discusses, the conventional remarks about Puritans — and with quite as little appearance of knowing anything about them; but at his article's very end he has done with conventionality, bows once, smiles twice, and lunges, straight and hard and deadly. It is all a very French proceeding.

These are the concluding paragraphs of a page devoted to Mr. Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages*: —

One may regard this book as coarse, although it is naïve rather than vulgar. What preserves it from indecency is the blessed stupor which assails Mr. Sherwood Anderson each time he discovers the Mediterranean. Mr. Anderson is still adolescent, like a whole section of novel-writers in the United States. It is adolescence which admires Nietzsche and Freud, which sets feeling above ideas, instinct above reason, and which breaks away from Puritanism toward a licentious expression of beauty.

Thus the United States is setting up a distressing sort of literature — a dismal libertinism. The *gauloiserie* with which foreigners so frequently affect to reproach us has the excuse of being gay. The situations that Mr. Anderson imagines are shocking and dismal (*choquantes et lugubres*). The fact is that the author, whatever else he may be, remains a Puritan like most Americans, and the combination of Puritanism with the cult of pleasure gives a sombrely grimacing something, at once painful and artificial.

✤

WOMEN PLAYWRIGHTS

'WHY don't women write plays?' inquires a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*. The first woman dramatist of whom there is record appears to be the nun Roswitha, who about a thousand years ago began to imitate Terence in her convent at Gandersheim. Those were the happy days when Church and stage were on excellent terms — possibly because the pious Roswitha was about all the stage there was — and her religious superiors made the nun a 'gift of hours,' in which to write her plays. But Roswitha was a good deal of a closet dramatist; there is no record of any performance of her plays.

English literature has a fairly respectable list of women dramatists — not respectable in every sense, however, for it begins with Aphra Behn. Then comes the actress-playwright, Mrs. Centlivre, one of whose plays was on the stage until about forty years ago. There are also such playwrights as Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Joanna Baillie. During the Victorian period women dramatists were scarce, — it is comprehensible, — the sole exception being 'John Oliver Hobbes,' whose comedy, *The Ambassador*, was a great success. On the modern stage Miss Clemence Dane and Lady Gregory are the leading figures, although Dr. Marie Stopes has ventured a propaganda play on her inevitable theme; but though Miss Ghita Sowerby, Miss

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Gertrude Jennings, and Miss Cicely Hamilton are all writing and all being produced, there is no denying that women have done less in the theatre than men.

As the *Guardian* observes: —

> The disproportion is all the more baffling because it is in work connected with the stage alone that women have for centuries enjoyed that sex equality which in other professions they have had to struggle so hard for. With the most puzzling of paradoxes, while Queen Charlotte told Fanny Burney that it would not be consistent with her feelings to sanction novel-writing under her own roof, while Jane Austen provided herself with a screen for her manuscript and even creaking doors against any intruder, and while even so late as the year of Victoria's accession Southey condemned roundly Charlotte Brontë's desire to write poetry because such authorship 'cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be,' no ban whatever was laid upon the writing of plays.

✻

NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS

THE story of 1923 is written in stamps. The most interesting are the earthquake emergency stamps of Japan, which have been reaching this country for the last few months and which were in general use in Japan for some time before that. The Japanese stamps of the Mount Fuji type, issued in January 1922, in three denominations, will probably not be reissued, as the design was never popular. One of the new designs shows Mount Fuji in a frame of blossoming cherry trees, with the chrysanthemum crest above and a dragon fly in each of the two upper corners. The other design is simpler, the centre of the stamp being occupied by the sun, with the chrysanthemum seal above and the table of value upheld by dragon flies which, in defiance of all the laws of entomology, have but two wings apiece.

Next in interest are probably the Ruhr relief stamps, sixteen million of which were sold in Germany in aid of distressed families in the occupied area. Since the French Government has banned the sale of these stamps, several Paris stamp-dealers who nevertheless ventured to deal in them have had their stocks confiscated.

Two new air-stamps have been issued, one Portuguese, commemorating the flight from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro, and the other design for use in the air post between London and Switzerland. The Chilean post office has issued a series commemorating the Pan-American Congress at Santiago, and Turkey is issuing a new series reflecting the changed conditions in that country. Other new issues have appeared in Russia, France, Transjordania, New Zealand, and Great Britain.

New series are proposed by Rhodesia, Sweden, Belgium, Algeria, the Free City of Danzig, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and a number of colonies. Certain changes in color are also likely in British stamps.

Norwegian postal authorities have robbed enthusiastic collectors of a unique issue by refusing to authorize a special stamp for use on the mail which the Amundsen expedition is to carry to the North Pole for subsequent distribution over the globe. Though none but sentimental advantages are attached to the Polar mail route on this first experimental flight, a special North Pole postmark will probably be devised, which can never lose its value as a first example, no matter how popular mail routes over the top of the world may eventually come to be.

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A TURKISH STORY-TELLER

THE Turkish stories of Jaakub Kadri are appearing in a new German translation, thereby opening to the Western

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world one more loophole through which to regard the life of the ancient East. The translator is Herbert Duda.

Kadri is one of the most significant figures in modern Turkish literature, who has contrived to feel the influence of the West without ceasing to be genuinely Turkish. Although born in Cairo, he has spent his youth and most of his life in Asia Minor. After the revolution in 1908 he was introduced by the literary historian, Suleiman Schehabeddin, to literary circles in Constantinople.

His chief interests in European literature have been Bourget and Daudet, — the famous father, not the son, — Gustav Le Bon, Max Nordau, and Ibsen, although his stories are said in some respects to recall the works of de Maupassant.

✽

A LITERARY PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MOORE

MR. SHANE LESLIE almost comes up to the classical standard of the eighteenth century. 'At every word a reputation dies' in his extraordinary book on modern Irish history, called *Doomsland*, which has lately appeared in London. 'Every word' may be an exaggeration, but it is only a slight one, for Mr. Leslie has introduced into his book — which though rather queer history is very good reading — biting descriptions of famous people under pseudonyms which are usually fairly transparent. Mr. George Moore is thus presented: —

Collected by first-edition maniacs in America, Mr. Georgius Leese had lain low in cosmopolitan hiding in Paris or London before blossoming as the opera-hatted Apollo of Dublin.

Mr. Colson has introduced the kilt, but Mr. Leese the opera-hat, into the simplicity of Irish life. In stagnant waters he fell like a baby Leviathan, and the first whack of his tail had caught Professor Rafferty under the ear. . . .

His hands were extraordinarily white, the first white hands in Dublin. His light hair, half silk and half straw, straggled off his obtuse skull. His face was swaddled with sly, well-nourished fat, which creased into malicious ripples round his glaucous eyes. His pen-pulled shoulders hung like a chipped flint.

✽

DRAMA BY RADIO

MR. RICHARD HUGHES has written a play especially for the radio. Faced with the apparently insuperable difficulty of necessary invisibility of his actors, this ingenious dramatist hit upon the notion of placing his scene in the pitch blackness of a caved-in coal-mine. Listeners-in received instructions to turn out the lights in their rooms, in order to create the atmosphere of a coal mine, — one would think a little more might be required, — and were further warned that if they thought the tragedy would be too dreadful for them they had better not listen in. The whole of the mining accident was sent through the air, with crashing and cursing, — alas, there was no praying, — the rush of icy waters, and the final sound of the picks as the rescue party approached. The whole cast consisted of one resourceful individual plus the book of the play and a choice assortment of noise-making implements. As an English paper observes: 'It seems as though a new member had been found for the club of queer trades — namely, the playwright whose chief characters are "noises of."'

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BOOKS ABROAD

L'Amérique nouvelle, by Firmin Roz. Paris: Flammarion, 1923.

[*Nouvelle Revue*]

We Frenchmen are complaining a good deal just at present because America fails to understand our needs and difficulties, but are we sure that we, on the other hand, understand theirs? Is there not a certain injustice in reproaching America for thinking and feeling differently from ourselves? M. Firmin Roz's book has been written to cure this state of mind. First and foremost let it be said that the author understands his subject. He has seen the 'new America' close at hand and at home. He has seen America as it has been made by its Constitution, its social institutions, and its schools, and he has studied it on the ground, in the framework which is a part of it, and with informed intelligence. He has understood it perfectly — the best and easiest means of making others understand. Hence not only do the faults of the Americans appear, but also their better qualities — the qualities of a great people, a strong people, on the way toward the realization of their logical ideal.

M. Firmin Roz is not content with having gone to America — he has followed his subject. Nothing that constitutes the America of to-day is unknown to him, and he has made a careful study of the more pressing problems created by the period of reconstruction following the war. Impartial and sincere, based on living documents, this book will lead Frenchmen to a better comprehension of foreigners. To Americans it will be a testimony that if their country is often criticized here in France it has nevertheless warm partisans. The book will be useful to all because it fills a crying need in this unquiet and troubled time.

Little Journeys into the Heavenly Country from West Ham, Bossington, and Other Places, by W. R. Hughes. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1923. *2s.*

[*Beacon*]

There is an irresistible charm and delicacy about the poems in this volume. Whether dealing with the Devil in 'Nick No-eyes,' a cynic and a saint in 'Two Cosmogonies,' or the dull and dead in 'The City,' Mr. Hughes is always and convincingly on the side of the angels. His attitude reminds us of Emerson when the Sage of Chelsea took him through slums and squalor, and dared him to disbelieve in the Devil.

> But in the darkest, meanest things
> There alway, alway something sings.

Mr. Hughes hears this singing.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

A Week, by I. Libedinsky. Translated by Arthur Ransome. London: Allen and Unwin 1923.

Three Plays, by A. V. Lunacharski. Translated by L. A. Magnus and K. Walter. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton, 1923. $3.00.

[*Daily Herald*]

Nearly seven years ago a few hundred thousand Russians began pouring new wine into old bottles, stimulating the outside world into several hundred million reactions. Every sort of foreigner has reported on the experiment: in England alone we have had Goode and Wells, Lansbury and Clare Sheridan, Farbman and Russell . . . But practically no home reports have come through, apart from White eavesdroppings and wailings and hymns of hate.

There have been no stories of Revolutionary Russia from the people's side, so it is with added interest that one reads a journal by a lad who has looked over the vineyard wall, and three plays by one of the oldest chief vintners.

Libedinsky's book tells the story of a week's happenings in a small Ural foothill town in the spring of 1921. It is a piece of characteristic Russian super-journalism: the people are like ballet figures, a little smaller than life, all crowded toward the footlights, dancing, murdering, working, or grumbling according to their natures, alternately drowning and being drowned by the strong, struggling Moscow motif.

The book is saturated with the hopes of the new Russia — and the fears. For breathing heavily through the little town is the dragon which lies in wait for men — revolutionary and counter-revolutionary — the dragon of fatigue.

The dragon will have to get up very early indeed to catch Lunacharski. He wrote two of his *Three Plays* as an escape from overwork. (He is the pleasant, professorial Commissar for Education.)

'It occurred to me to create some mental relief for myself,' he writes in the preface, 'by taking up my pen and writing a poetic work,' and then he refers to 'the immense mental relief afforded to me by the addition of eight sleepless nights to the eight days of work!'

'Faust and the City' was written years ago, and is mainly a remarkably accurate forecast of the revolution 'done into drama.' The last play, 'Vasilisa the Wise,' is the first part of a trilogy

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'which,' says the author, 'will delineate in fable form a periphrasis of what I may term any social philosophy.' The main string of the play is loaded with quaintly colored beads, echoes of Russian fairy tales, and folk rhymes fairly tumble over one another, but discipline is maintained. Listen to Zliuka, the Tsar's hunchback servant: —

'Any proper man has an instinct for the accumulation of property. To have no property is to have no body. That's why I am a collector.'

Chapters in Norwegian Literature, by I. G. Gröndahl and O. Raknes. London: Gyldendal, 1923.

[*Observer*]

THE modest title of this book is a good description of the authors' purpose. They aim not so much at giving a critical history of Norwegian literature as at describing the works of the principal authors from Holberg to Johan Bojer. It is interesting to notice that Holberg — who studied at the Bodleian, and was enthusiastic about Oxford and England generally — wrote in the early part of the eighteenth century an historical essay which was translated into English in 1755; but until the interest in the new drama of Ibsen was aroused, rather late, in England we were neglectful of Norwegian literature. Denmark we knew, because of Hans Andersen; but except for two or three books there is no record in Messrs. Gröndahl and Raknes's bibliography of translations of any version of importance between 1755 and the early versions of Björnson in the seventies of last century.

This negligence is the more curious because English people have always, in small but eager numbers, continued to go to Norway for their holidays. Even now some of the most characteristic Norwegian writers are either unknown in England or represented by one translation or so; there are, for instance, no versions of Camilla Collett, only one book of Amalie Skram's has been done, only one of Arne Garborg's, whose naturalistic novels are as remarkable as Hamsun's early work, and we have no English version of Hans Kinck, whose pictures of peasant life have a power not unlike that of Hardy.

Of these authors and others less known this book gives a very fair and adequate account. The authors show no particular capacity for æsthetic criticism; and we are afraid that the English reader who is not already familiar with their subject would gather a rather wrong idea of the proportionate value of some of the authors they discuss. Their view of Björnson is one which only Scandinavians can share or understand. To the rest of us it does not seem possible to mention him in the same breath as Ibsen. Björnson is a great national author: Ibsen is a great world-dramatist. In the strict sense of the word there is really in Björnson no original thought at all: he is merely a mirror for the ideas of his day — he reflects rather than inspires, and his problem plays and novels are supreme journalism, not, as are Ibsen's, a philosophy and an art.

The best part of the book is the early section on the national origins of Norwegian letters, and especially the chapter on Holberg; in the later part the authors are happiest in their account of that very attractive author, Jonas Lie.

Les Juifs et la vie économique, by Werner Sombart. Translated from the German by S. Jankélévitch. Paris: Payot, 1923.

[*L'Opinion*]

WERNER SOMBART'S book, *Les Juifs et la vie économique,* has just been translated into French. It is a rather heavy book, in the German style, but a book which opens genuinely new perspectives upon modern civilization — that civilization whose children we are so proud to be, without troubling to understand, most frequently, either its true character or its tendencies, or, for very good reasons, its precariousness. Werner Sombart, at present a professor in the University of Berlin, is one of the chiefs of the school of economic relativism. He breaks with the traditions of classic economics, and withdraws himself still more from purely mathematical economics. According to him, there is no universal theory capable of explaining economic activity in general. A new theory applies to each period and each cycle of human history.

Studying modern capitalism in this spirit, he finds himself suddenly confronted with a problem of the highest interest: the problem of the 'capitalist mind,' a problem in psychological history. After an exhaustive documentative and retrospective inquiry, Werner Sombart has come to the conclusion — whose full significance must not be exaggerated, but which within discreet limits appears indisputable — that modern capitalism is nothing other than the triumph of the Jewish way of thinking and of living — a way of living and thinking ordained by the Jewish religion, of which Protestant Puritanism is a mere offshoot.

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